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Leading an Explosive Revolution in Another World! - Volume 01

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Chapter 1: I am a man like the wind

“Wake up Molan!”

Awoken by the roar of Mr Hvaler and the hardcover book he smashed on my head, I rubbed the sleep out of my eyes and looked at my surroundings.

Looking at my classmates smartly decked in their uniforms turning around to look at me, it seems like class is in session. Mr Hvaler is currently standing in front of me and is staring at me with murderous eyes and raised eyebrows.

“Mr Hvaler... If you could wake me up later, I will be grateful.”

“You dare blame me! How dare you! You either sleep or daydream during all my lessons, am I such a failure of a teacher, are my lessons that boring!?”

“Sorry... Mr Hvaler, you are a splendid teacher, it’s just that I have no interest in history whatsoever.”

“I teach alchemy you moron!” The class erupted in laughter and Mr Hvaler finally went mad, clawing painfully at what little hair he had left. “Go stand outside the class!”

Did I remember it wrongly? It felt like Mr Hvaler taught history. Without a choice, I stood up and walked out of class. When I passed the third row, Tina gave me a glance before returning to her textbooks. As usual, nothing seemed to catch her interest.

Because classes were still ongoing, the hallway was empty. As I leaned against the windowsill yawning, I recalled the dream I just had.

In the dream, I returned to my world and met my long lost parents and friends. However, they had all aged by decades while I still remained a 16 year old youth. Just as I was about to lose it, Mr Hvaler smashed my sleep and dream into dust. It appears I am still in this country called Txarango (TL: I am very bad at transliteration, the original is 特克斯兰, appears to be the Chinese transliteration of some Spanish band). Specifically, I am in Cavani, the capital city and the heart of economic activity, where I am simply spending my days idly and aimlessly as I soak in the glorious summer sunshine as I am unable to find my

way back to my world.

It has already been half a year since I have come to this world and I have more or less adapted to life here. It is a fantastical world, with science taking a backseat to swords and magic. Transportation happens through horse carriages and sailing ships with some small scale flying magic constructs. Every country is a monarchy, with different gods, and constantly wage wars with each other. Humans are not the only sentient beings in this world, there are elves who isolate themselves from the outside world and live in their forests. And just like in popular fantasy novels these days, I slipped into this world?

The last memory I have of earth are my revisions for the end of term examination the next day. Before I realized it, I was in an unfamiliar street and weirdly dressed passersby with hair and eyes in every possible colour were staring at me and whispering to each other in unknown tongues. Without head or tail of what happened, my best guess is that I was drugged and sold.

The times when I just arrived were really arduous, until I met Tina.

Just as I thought of this, the music that signaled the end of class wafted from the classroom. The object emitting music is the magic totem that resides in the ceiling of every classroom. The spell for this, which covers the entire school, was created by the principal for the purpose of telling time. The music that is playing now signals that it is lunchtime and all the gentlemen and ladies should fill their stomachs.

As my classmates hurried to the canteen, I waited at the door as Tina took her time to exit. Without even looking at me, she immediately proceeded to the staircase, as I hurried to her to have lunch together. Today's Tina really doesn't like to talk huh. As we walked, I caught whiffs of her shampoo and stole some side views of her beautiful chiseled looks.

Tina's full name is Tina Faburando Lucille Blancoise Janedeline Drewcille. I cannot guarantee that I can write it the same way every time (TL: neither can I), this is the best I can transliterate it. In the words here, it is only a short line. I don't even know if I remember the pronunciation correctly, but I am very confident about Faburando as this is Tina's original family name while the last 4 names were granted to her family by the emperor. Names granted by royalty

symbolize the greatest of honors and it is said in this country that families with more than 3 names are just 2: Faburando and Deca. Thus, Tina, as Faburando's sole heir, has untold status and nobility.

As for me, I have been adopted by this unparalleled young mistress as her personal attendant and attend school with her at the St Txarango Academy for Aristocrats administered directly by the royal family.

Ohhhh! With such a wonderful development, the next step is to conquer Tina, marry a beautiful heiress and enjoy life at its peak!

Sometimes I can be really obscene.

Being an unparalleled beauty with distinguished lineage, Tina is often surrounded with many suitors who seek any opportunity they can to get close to her, like lunchtime now. As I eat with Tina in a table in the corner, a horde of pricelings with glittering eyes came to seat with their plates.

"May I take a seat here?"

"No, it's too much of a squeeze for 3 people, go over there."

"How do you do, Ms Faburando, I am Pete from the House of Towa."

"Our House's young miss doesn't talk during meals, don't come and bother her."

"Ms Faburando, do you like sweets? I have 2 muffins here..."

"No no, she doesn't. But I do, *awu* thanks there."

I snatched the muffin and ate it in one mouthful before pushing away all the boys. Who is this rude plebeian? They muttered while staring at me with hostility. I returned those feelings with a stare of my own whilst Tina nonchalantly cuts her pork chops, without even batting an eye to my rudeness. Eventually, the crowd lost interest and broke up.

Hmph, just a bunch of perverted heirs, do you all like flat chested girls that much? If you want to pursue Tina, you have to get past me first! But I will never acknowledge you all, so stand aside because I am The One for Tina!

Tina uses her fork to pierce a small piece of pork chops and bring it to her slightly opened mouth. The glaze from the pork chops makes her lips look

delicious and brings to mind untoward thoughts.

On my 4th night in this world, I was shivering outside a fruit stall, dressed in nothing but light summer clothes and rags I found from the trash as the cold wind blew and snow fell from the skies. I had been enduring hunger all this while but it seemed like I had reached my limit and I would probably die soon as tears and mucus streamed down my face. Just as I was on my last breath, a white carriage gilded with gold stopped before me and the door opened. What stepped out was a thin pair of legs covered in white socks wearing high heeled silver shoes. Looking up, I saw a girl clad in snow white western clothing holding a lace parasol, who looked like she had walked out of a fairy tale. She had long blue hair that was clear and transparent like water in a tranquil lake which reflected the faint streetlights.

"What is your name?"

Her voice was music to my ears. I stared blankly at her long lashes, lost for a moment.

That was how Tina and I met.

I fell in love with Tina at first sight; she was the most beautiful girl I had ever seen, there was probably no man who could not be attracted to her and when I think of the mountain of stinkbugs (TL: referring to potential suitors) to get rid of, I feel very pressured.

Tina wordlessly finished her pork chops, before washing it down with coffee. As the coffee was a little too hot, she blew away the steam *huhu* before carefully taking a sip. (TL: In case you are wondering, the author describes her actions from MC POV in intricate detail)

As Tina's attendant, though we spend every waking hour together, on average she only speaks 5 sentences to me and it's always because I'm asking her something. When I think about it like this, I really am pathetic. Such a despairing distance. Though Tina appears to be naturally cold and introverted, she would sometimes speak a lot. The biggest impression was this one time while on a trip back to Tina's family home during school holidays. I had forgotten the snacks for the trip back and Tina unusually threw a tantrum, constantly muttering in a small voice "hungryhungryhungryhungry..." so much that it seemed like she used a

whole week worth of words.

“Molan.”

Tina’s sudden words surprised me momentarily.

“Un, cough, what is it?”

“There is a ceremony for His Highness William’s triumphant return tomorrow.”

Every time Tina says there is a ceremony or new shop opening tomorrow, she means for us to skip school and go out to play.

“Alright got it,” I nod, “I will wake you up tomorrow morning.”

Tina did not reply and continued to sip her coffee with small mouthfuls while watching the rich green lawns outside in a daze.

Though I promised as much yesterday, I still overslept today. In the end, it was Tina who had to come to my room to wake me up. Come to think of it, my negligence of duties is not just this once but Tina never gets angry. Opening the door, the glorious sight of Tina with her makeup done and hair braided in pigtails to one side in a cool one piece dress with a translucent pink blouse on top dazzled me for a second. Even though she is expressionless, I can feel her excitement.

“Let’s go.” Tina urged.

“Oh oh.”

As I hurriedly got ready, my mind started to wander.

Had she ever dressed up so elaborately before when we skipped school? This is the first time I have seen Tina with such a complex hairstyle and with her makeup all done outside of a party.

His Highness William? I am starting to be filled with a sense of foreboding.

Who is His Highness William? Txarango’s First Prince, he showed extraordinary talent in magic far beyond his peers since a tender age and was one of St Txarango’s most outstanding graduates. He started a military career since 13 and went to his first battlefield at 16 and is 22 this year. He has just ended a

conflict in the Southwest border with numerous victories to his name. Prince William is also distinguished in his affairs and has great favor with the king, and is engaged with the Third Princess of the northern country Rosa, and is thus the leading successor to the throne. All of this information was told to me by Harry from across the street, who is also another young mistress' personal attendant, and with whom I have a good relationship with.

The streets were a sea of people, all wanting to catch a glimpse of the Prince's heroic figure. With a petite frame, Tina was able to slip through the crowd seamlessly while I had to fight tooth and nail against the human wall to follow her.

Prince William was supposedly an upright person with good conduct, and had the hearts of thousands of young girls in Txarango. Tina was only 16 and could be cheated by that fellow. Looking at Tina running ahead, with her braid bouncing up and down, as though it reflected the excitement in its master, I felt very depressed.

"Damn it!"

I hit someone head on and we both fell to ground. I pinched my nose as I sized the guy up. He was wearing a thick cloak and had his hat pulled low so I cannot see the face but from the swearing voice, I can deduce that he is a middle aged man. Wearing such a thing in such hot weather, aren't you hot? Or are you some religious person?

I hurried apologized but the cloaked man did not pay me any attention. Instead, he frantically picked up the box that fell to the ground and stuffed it into his cloak. The box was jet black all over, medium sized, and seemed like it may have fragile contents. Luckily the man did not pursue the matter further and quickly disappeared into the crowd. I was stunned for a moment before I remembered Tina and hastily got up before she rushed off.

It's over. I lost her.

Suddenly, someone yelled: "His Highness the Prince has arrived!"

There was a moment of silence before the crowd erupted in cheers, with the screams of young girls being especially prominent. I squeezed my way to the road to see what kind of fellow he was like but I was pushed back by the guards

at the road who told me not to block the way, so I could only poke my head out.

A line of palace maids walked at the front, with a basket of flower petals in one hand while throwing the petals with the other, with an honor guard contingent marching proudly behind while playing musical instruments. Following behind the honor guard were the mighty returning army, with mages in long robes and soldiers wielding steel swords and bows, each of them with a face that exuded exhaustion and pride. Leading this group was a youth on a white horse. The youth wore gold tassels on his left shoulder and a red cloak clipped to his right, and had a head of hair as dazzling as the spring sun. The youth waved to the people on both sides while wearing a calm infectious smile.

This... This is Prince William right?

He, he is just a liiiiittle bit more handsome than me, what's the big deal?

"His Highness the Prince welcome homeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!"

"I missed you so much Prince Williammmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm!"

"Prince I love you! Sign this for meeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!"

"YAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

The scene was completely chaotic, there were people who cried, people who screamed, even people who fainted, needing the guards to give emergency aid. This was almost like some superstar idol, women were screaming as if competing to see who could scream higher and men were cheering till their voices were hoarse. Is that Prince really that loved by the people? Or is his occupation actually an idol?

I got more depressed as time passed as I stared holes into the suave William on his white horse. This really was a genuine "Prince on a white horse". Nobody else was riding on a horse but him, and he stood head and shoulders above his troops in enjoying the cheers of the people. What a powerful rival... Wait, no, he has an engagement already?

Ah~ That was scary. He isn't a rival in love after all. That's alright then, Tina is in the midst of adolescence, having 1 or 2 eye candies is also normal. When time passes and the grown up Tina thinks back to this bittersweet time while holding my hand, she will laugh as she says that she cannot believe she ever liked William

that blonde brat, you are so much more handsome!

“...Go and die!”

I got a shock, and looked around, thinking that someone had heard my delusions. Who was it who spoke just now? The voice sounded a little familiar, but I could only hear the cheers and screams from crazed fans trying to get William’s attention.

I turned my head to William and saw that he was still smiling kindly.

His smile suddenly froze and he clutched the reins at his waist tightly as the horse reared up, showing a belly covered in fresh blood. It jumped and ran about in a frenzy, knocking down troops and trampling the honor guard. William used all of his strength to pull the horse back but was thrown to the ground before the horse charged straight into the crowd, turning cheers of excitement into screams of horror.

“What happened!?”

“The horse went mad!”

“Don’t get trampled!”

“Don’t step on me!”

“It hurts!”

“Get out of the way!”

The crowd was a mess and people were trampled by both the horse and mostly by each other. I stood where I was and looked frantically for Tina, praying she did not get hurt. The troops quickly restored order and slew the horse with a longsword to the neck, which finally made it quiet. As its huge body fell to the ground, its blood flowed down the street and children nearby began crying.

William sat on the ground panting heavily, his hands which clutched his waist were soaked in blood. He looked over to where I was.

“Is it you? You usurper!”

Ha? Me? I did nothing!

As I was preparing to protest, someone laughed coldly behind me.

"Hmmhmm, to have discovered me so quickly, as expected of Prince William."

I turned my head, and saw the thick cloak man with one hand carrying a small wooden crossbow looking at William.

Isn't this the guy who bumped into me just now? I finally see his looks now, if he were in my world, he would look like any ordinary salaryman who might be embroiled in some family crisis. (TL: Dude wtf?) No special facial features were present but there was an exceptionally large pentacle earring on it.

As I quickly ran away, the man continued to stand there laughing coldly even as swordsmen were approaching him with their weapons drawn, and mages and archers ready to fire. William's reaction was vaguely understandable by all that the horse's frenzy was due to this suspicious man's hidden crossbow which hit both the Prince and the horse. Even though the situation seemed bad for the man, he seemed calm.

"Who directed you?"

William's voice was stable but it sounded weak as he commanded the troops not to act rashly.

"You will never know."

"A foreign assassin?"

The man did not answer, making William frown in frustration.

"Never mind, when I bring you back, I'll make you say everything!"

"You are welcome to try if you can!"

As the troops charged forth, the man took out a box from his cloak, the box he dropped when he bumped into me. He opened the chains and a thick black smoke escaped the box and instantly engulfed the entire street.

In a blanket of darkness, I could see nothing but hear the sounds of weapons crashing into something, shout sounds....

And a horrible roar of a beast.

As the black smoke dispersed, a scene of horror greeted me.

At the side of the cloaked man, a monster as tall as 2 persons stood upright,

with a head that seemed like both lizard and wolf (TL: I am kidding, he really says it looks like a lizard and a wolf), gorging on the lower half of a human with mutilated bodies and broken weapons strewn about as a pool of blood spread out before it.

The monster swallowed a human leg whole, gave a belch and stuck out a tongue like a snake to lick its eyes.

What the heck is this!?

Terror reached its climax, with people running in all directions away from the monster. The troops were unable to maintain order, as they were barely able to hang on to their weapons with their trembling hands as they watched the monster eat their fallen comrades one by one.

"That, that is, a demonic beast right..."

"Why would it appear here..."

William was dumbstruck.

"What have you done!? Aren't demonic beasts long extinct!?"

"Yes they are~" The man sneered as he lovingly caressed the demonic beast's scales as if he were stroking a beloved pet. "This kid was a half-baked creation we made by mimicking the demonic beast creations of ancient times. It was originally supposed to be my insurance because the poison shot into you and your beloved horse should be strong enough to kill you. But since you found me immediately, I have no choice but to use it."

The man laughed coldly.

"But, this kid doesn't seem like he wants to leave huh. I too want to see its true power. Go Experiment Subject #1...Split that blonde haired man in 2 and eat the rest!"

The demonic beast curled in its legs and leapt out like a rabbit right for William. The myriad spells and sharp blades that stood before it were all deflected by its hard, sturdy scales and roared as if it were laughing and swept aside the troops at William's side, revealing a weakened William lying on the ground motionlessly.

Suddenly, a ball of light flew in from far off and exploded on the demonic

beast's left eye, making the demonic beast scream in pain as green liquid seeped out from its eye sockets, the first attack to make it feel pain.

"Tina..."

William looked into the distance in surprise. On hearing the name he called out, I too turned in that direction.

Though the intricate braid was already loose, a familiar figure could be seen standing there as she held a short staff with both hands and continued her incantations.

Tina! Thank goodness you are alright!

"Such strong magic..." Cloaked man whispers, "Where did this mage come from?"

As the demonic beast caught sight of the girl who destroyed its left eye, it immediately switched targets and furiously charged at Tina with gaping maw, eager to sink its bloodstained teeth into Tina.

Oioioi! Your target is the blonde haired guy there, not my house's young miss!

Tina seemed to have no intention of running as she created numerous balls of light and sent them with great precision to attack the demonic beast's right eye. Eyes are its weak spot! But the demonic beast had realized this and used its claws to cover its right eye, deflecting the balls of light with its claws, resulting in explosions in the surroundings which luckily left no human casualties.

Tina continued her incantations at even greater speed, creating a large number of balls of light within seconds at the pace of a machine gun and concentrated fire on a single spot on the claws but could not make it past the thick, hard scales. Gasping for breath, her face was pale white.

That was a powerful magic attack, with continuous casting and high frequency, leading to tremendous physical and mental burden on the user. Tina finally gave out and sank limply to the ground, so weak she could not even hold on to her staff. Nauseating green liquid flew about in the air as the demonic beast moved its hands, the claws were already pierced through but because Tina had fainted from exhaustion, she could no longer attack it.

The demonic beast laughed mockingly, a sound much like a crow's cawing. It moved towards Tina patiently and slowly, contemplating whether to use its teeth or claws to tear her apart.

I'll tear you apart before that! I suppressed my trembling, gave myself a slap to wake myself from the terror I was drenched in and grabbed an intact sword from the corpses of troops before running for the monster.

The cloaked man was stunned upon seeing the boy who came out of nowhere between the blue haired girl and the demonic beast. Is this some cliché play of a hero saving a beauty? But no matter how you look, the brat did not look like a hero; he couldn't even hold a sword properly. The demonic beast was similarly disinterested in the boy that suddenly appeared and swiped him away with his claws.

The cloaked man's eyes widened, he was unable to see the boy's movements at all. The demonic beast only swiped air as the boy disappeared and reappeared instantly on the demonic beast's neck! It tried to reach for the boy only to find its claws had separated from its arms and fell to the ground.

Slicing 2 hands off a demonic beast in an instant! How did he do it!?

He wielded only an ordinary longsword, which the swordsmen before him used and were easily broken by the demonic beast.

Did he attack the weak spots by the blue haired girl? If not, he could not have sliced through the demonic beast's armor. During the experimental process, the cloaked man and his comrades had tried many types of magic and weapons to attack the demonic beasts but nothing could hurt them except the eyes.

The boy latched his legs onto the demonic beast's neck, held the sword with both hands in a reverse grip before plunging it into the demonic beast's rotten left eye cavity with all his strength. The demonic beast howled in pain and desperately tried to shake the boy off but the boy stubbornly held on and stabbed even deeper into its skull inch by inch. The demonic beast leapt about in a frenzy, from ground to wall to ground. The boy was able to skillfully adjust his posture to avoid any attacks and refused to let go until the blade pierced

through the skull. The demonic beast took a few more steps shakily before crashing down as its green blood spewed out like a fountain and dyed the boy completely in its color.

“Wuuuu...”

The boy loosened his grip on the hilt and staggered backwards before falling right on his backside. He held on to a streetlight for support as he vomited.

Cloaked man looked on with shock as he thought that Experiment Subject #1 could slaughter the entire street and leave a sea of blood but a powerful mage and swordsman showed up and had exterminated a mighty demonic beast in a matter of minutes. He looked towards the fainted girl and vomiting boy and burned their appearances into his memory. Even though he had lost a precious sample, the initial goal was met and the poison in William would kill him within 5 days. All he had to do was to leave the place and wait for the country to mourn the loss of the Prince.

He laughed coldly, pulled down his hat and disappeared into the chaos from the fight.

I can use knives and swords skillfully. When wielding such weapons, my body becomes light. If this is a game, I would think that my stat points in swordsman and blademaster classes should be very high. After 1 month in this world, I found out about my talent just as I was despairing over having no talent in magic despite travelling to a world of magic. During a time when I skipped classes with Tina because she wanted to try out a newly opened sweets shop. We were sitting near the window face-to-face. Tina was concentrating on destroying her dessert while I felt an extremely empowering feeling as I held on to the knife.

At that moment, someone yelled “Thief!” outside the window, and someone carrying a parcel ran off in a panic, leaving the patrolling guards far behind. I tightly held the knife, and with the feeling like I can do anything, I rushed out of the shop and chased down the thief with ease. I used the knife to slice his belt, whereupon his pants fell and he tripped breaking his 2 front teeth. By the time the soldiers caught up, I had already returned to my seat in the shop with no one catching a glimpse of my movements which were like the wind. I was a man like the wind and Tina was still facing her dessert licking the silver fork with her face

covered with cream.

That felt awesome as hell! Just like how those main characters have their unique skills! Whether I can or cannot use magic doesn't matter to me anymore, swords are cooler anyway.

This was the first time I ever used it to fight though, and I had no confidence as I picked up the blade, believing that I would be ripped to shreds by the demonic beast. But upon holding the sword, it felt like a pile of flesh to me. In the end, I slaughtered it unscathed but the horrible stink and losing my balance made me so nauseated, I saw 10 Tinas lying on the floor and couldn't bear it anymore and let it all out.

Shouldering Tina as I left the chaotic streets, William shouted.

"Young man! Wuu..." He endured the pain as the troops around him tended to him, "Please, tell me what your name is?"

"Molan Faburando."

I blurted out. That was the name Tina gave me that winter night. She asked me what my name was and I answered Qin Molan whereupon she asked me what my surname was. When I told her it was Qin, she told me that my surname was Faburando from now on and that I was her's.

I turned to leave. William seemed to say more but I didn't listen on. He seemed to call Tina affectionately just now, and with Tina's actions throughout today, it's obvious they knew each other before.

This well-dressed blonde bastard must have cheated Tina! As you stand there dying, watch and be jealous as I take Tina! She is now my girl!

On the way back to school, Tina awoke from my back.

"So smelly."

"Eh, that lizard thing is very smelly and its blood is all over me...Bear with it for a while, we are reaching the school in a bit."

She did not have any intention to push me away, rather she grabbed on tightly.

"Molan saved me?"

“Un.”

“Thanks.”

“It’s nothing.”

At this point, one must answer coolly to project an image of nonchalance and give the impression that “oneself is willing to go to any lengths for one’s love” to look appealing and cool. I think my affection points are going up so much, I can hear the sound of a counter exploding. Oh my oh my, happiness might come too suddenly, I am not prepared yet.

“What about Prince William?”

My heart fell into a bottomless pit. That damned blondie again.

“...There’s a bunch of mages healing him, should be alright.”

“Oh.”

Tina remained silent but I could sense her worries. As she touched my demonic beast blood soaked hair, neither of us spoke again.

The school is in the forest and there is a gravel road that one can follow safely back to school. The cry of innumerable insects followed us on our way as I keenly felt the heat waves of summer, and sky was high and far and blue like Tina’s hair. As I appreciated the otherworld and its magnificent scenery, I thought of how to sneak back into the dormitory.

Chapter 2: A world with both Shuoxue and Tina isn't such a bad world after all

Fair warning: Vivid descriptions of chests in this chapter.

“How is the mistress of your house these days? You said she hasn’t been eating or drinking.”

“How should I know.”

“It’s been like this since you both came back from skipping class, did something happen outside?”

“Don’t know.”

“Your mood seems to have worsened too.”

“I get pissed off when I see blonde hair nowadays.”

“Eh?” Harry pressed his own blonde hair, “I am the problem?”

“Go dye your hair, anything but blonde and why don’t you change your hairstyle while you’re at it? In my hometown, we call your style ‘smart’.”

(TL: Not the usual smart, see:

<http://www.baike.com/wiki/%E6%9D%80%E9%A9%AC%E7%89%B9>)

“No way, and what is ‘smart’? My hairstyle is very popular amongst commoners, Monica likes it too.”

“Who is that?”

“The maid of the Kedoren household, she has especially huge boobs! We are going to see a drama this weekend, what colour should I wear?”

“You really picked the right person to discuss this with. Let me tell you that my anger has exceeded what I can control. I can’t believe an idiot like you can escape singlehood before me so let me beat that stupid face of yours to confirm this is not a dream.”

“Ho ho ho! How comedic you are Molan Faburando! Such a poor sight you are,

from my view as you burn in envy. May the Holy Mother take pity on you and grant you a girlfriend. Your brother will go ahead and climb the stairs to adulthood first~”

2 books crashed onto both of our faces as Mr Hvaler roared from the front.

“Shut up you insolent brats! Pay attention to the lesson and stop chatting away! Harry! Stand and read the third line!”

“Oh.” Harry stood up, scratching his head, “To understand the forms of things, one must use his heart to feel the power of the elements within, how they flow, clash, and harmonise; is the basics to mastering alchemy.”

Before he could finish, yet another hardcover book smashed into him.

“I am teaching history nowwwwwwwww!”

Mr Hvaler clawed at his hair in a rage as the class erupted in laughter.

I looked towards Tina’s empty seat. She did not come today as well, making it 3 days that she has locked herself in her room. When I told the head instructor that she was sick and needs to rest for a few days, he stared at me sharply with his grey eyebrows which look more like a moustache than eyebrows. He always had a gaze that felt like a sharp edge which would cut through any deception but I met his gaze straight on. He laughed suddenly and said he understood and bade me to take good care of her.

In the afternoon, I brought lunch to Tina’s room.

“Tina?”

There was no answer. I tried knocking but the door was still locked.

“You should eat something.”

I sighed as I saw the food I brought last night remain untouched at the door.

“I’m leaving the food outside, yesterday’s has spoilt already so I’m clearing it.”

Tina didn’t reply, maybe she’s asleep.

“Remember to eat okay?... I’m leaving now.”

She did not even open the door even in my absence, on checking with her neighbours.

"What happened to Tina?" Her neighbours asked.

"Sick."

"What is she down with?"

Illness of the heart, is what I replied mentally.

Tina had heard the cloaked man mention of the fatal poison he had shot into William. It looks like a slow acting one as the newspapers said that Prince William was still in a coma. The papers also said that the healers had done their best and it was all up to the Prince's will... Doesn't this mean they can't find a cure to this poison? Sounds like that blondie should be kicking the bucket in a few days. Though I would gladly welcome that outcome, for the sake of Tina, please pull through and recover quickly.

...Hai.

Instead of twiddling my thumbs, why not act.

Tina will starve herself if she continues not to eat so there's no way I can sit around and do nothing.

In the middle of the night, William got up from bed and stood before the mirror which reflected his half naked visage.

The reflection in the mirror showed a well developed muscular frame that was hidden by the clothes he usually wore which made him look thinner. The well defined mounds of muscle along with his head of beautiful golden hair gave an impression of a young, strong lion. William's body was covered with innumerable scars, badges of honor for his long years of combat, with an epic tale behind every one. William looked at his thickly bandaged left waist, the spot where the cloaked man had shot him with the poison dart.

This is not the first time an attack like this has happened. As Txarango's first Prince, many want him dead and he has maintained constant vigilance since young. As an outstanding mage specialising in earth magic, he immediately opened a magic formation when the dart was shot into him to turn his entire left waist into stone to stop the poison from spreading. He has often used this method on the battlefield to overcome situations when his vitals were pierced or

when he was in danger of losing too much blood. This method was not without its shortcomings: It couldn't be used on the heart as it needed to move and due to overuse, his organs began to function slower.

Not many know of this trick as such a spell is exceptionally difficult. It is fundamentally different from healing and isn't easily executed on the caster himself. This spell also required expert knowledge on human biology in an era where science was backward. Moreover, spells cast on one's body will result in a heavy burden due to interference with the nervous system. Who knew that William Txarango Brusti was half stone while in the midst of combat? Upon seeing his arrow ridden body, enemies cowered before him and his troops worshipped him, and he brought to victory after victory.

The poison dart this time was no ordinary hidden weapon – It shattered after entry into William's body, resulting in widespread internal damage. Though William had not anticipated this, he quickly cast the spell and turned almost his entire body into stone, just barely in time. What happened to the dart fragments? William chose to completely extract the flesh that contained the fragments, resulting in a chunk of flesh missing from his side. This was nothing, as he has the top 20 healers in the nation to tend to him day and night and accelerate his regeneration and recovery.

Who sent the cloaked man to assassinate him? He had also shot William's horse, with the full intention of creating more casualties by the horse's stampede. Given that he did not care about the citizens' lives at all, the mastermind was likely to be foreign, but who? All these years, his military exploits have been in every which direction and the number of people who want his life is enough to fill a book.

But the cloaked man had summoned a terrifying monster which he said was "their" creation following ancient methods which implied that there was an organisation behind him... That thing should have been difficult to create right? They would need a large amount of manpower and financial backing. If they were just an assassination guild, they would definitely charge a pretty penny for their services, which greatly narrows down the list of suspects.

William had already recovered significantly and he had never slipped into a coma. But he controlled the information that leaked into the public and made it

seem like he was in danger and could die anytime to let those who plotted his assassination rest easy while he sent out spies to investigate but nothing had been found yet.

William put on a shirt and walked out without even buttoning, leaving the maids waiting outside blushing upon seeing his glorious chest.

“Your, Your Highness, it’s already late in the night, won’t you rest?”

“I have something I need to check in the study.”

“Your body is still injured, you should rest and recover.”

“tis just a flesh wound.”

William waved his hand to dismiss the concerns of the maids as he walked into the study.

Demonic beasts were ancient creatures that should have been extinct 10 millennia ago and any records of their existence could only be found in ancient legends. Dramas in modern popular culture often feature demonic beasts and people often claimed that they sighted them. But these were always proven to be hoaxes or illusions, or even tactics to lure in tourists. On a whole, demonic beasts were a very popular fictional concept, there was even a recent drama called “My Demonic Beast Bride”, that was widely popular and sold out every day.

Only after personally seeing the viciousness and combat capabilities and realising that humans are but food to them does one truly realise how horrific demonic beasts are. If news of a terrorist organisation that could create demonic beasts spreads, then the populace would definitely panic. Thus William immediately took steps to restrict this information and spread the news that it was an ordinary beast that happened to be especially ferocious rather than a demonic beast while simultaneously reinforcing national security measures.

William opened a certain immensely thick black book. A thick layer of dust covered the book, and its pages were visibly yellow with some already disintegrating. This was loot confiscated from a raid on a grave robbing organisation. When it was first retrieved, it was in an even worse state, having been torn and tattered with signs of wear from rats and insects all over. Only

after restoration by artisans could its content be read.

Found it. William moved the lamp closer.

"...The beings called demonic beasts are ancient creatures and can take the forms of man, beast, insect, fish, bird or forms which look like none at all. They have boundless strength, a cunning and cruel nature, and are the ultimate apex beings. The Gods eventually sent their servants to exterminate them, ushering in the age of Man."

Just this? There's nothing useful at all.

William sighed at the lack of information as he rested on his arm. Thinking back to that day the attack happened, the demonic beast had completely overwhelmed the troops. He was using his stoneform spell then and had casted it over the majority of his body that he was unable to move. Just as the claws were about to reach him, Tina's ball of light flew into its left eye and saved him just in time.

It's been a while, you really have grown to be a beauty huh.

A warm smile floated to his face as William reminisced about his past memories of Tina.

And the young man who rushed to protect Tina, he said his name was Molan Faburando. From what William knew, the only heir in the Faburando House was Tina, could he be a distant relative? The main point was his deadly fighting skills. The cloaked man could not see his movements but William could – He saw the young man slash at the wounds created by Tina 18 times, 9 on each arm, which led to it losing both arms. Before anyone could react, he had reversed the situation by easily defeating the demonic beast that hundreds of trained troops could not handle.

With such skills at such a tender age, I must have him!

William manipulated the information in a way that the demonic beast was slain by the soldiers as he did not want others to snatch the young man, especially the other royal successors.

(TL: Yaoi battle royale to get MC?)

“Sir!”

A strongly built youth with face full of stubble marched into the study with a look of seriousness.

He was one of William’s most trusted generals, in charge of a cavalry contingent, and had followed William into countless battles. He had felt guilty of late as he felt that if he had been together with William during the ceremony, he could have prevented the ambush with his field of vision that left no blind spots.

(TL: 360 no scope yaoi rival?)

“What is it, Jeb?”

“Your highness, there was a thief in the castle, and I have apprehended him!”

“What kind of person is it?”

“Just a brat, I don’t know how he evaded the many layers of security, but he is really slippery. He could not get past me though,” Jeb opened his clenched fist, revealing a small knife that looked like it was used for dining, “ This is the only weapon we found off him, nothing else.”

“What can a piece of cutlery do.” William laughed, I would like to see who could be so brazen as to break into my castle armed with just a knife. Bring him here.”

“Bring him in!” Jeb yelled.

2 soldiers brought the boy into the study. He was about 175cm tall and his slim frame looked slimmer still as he was sandwiched between 2 big burly men who stood at 185cm. He wore a school uniform, with a familiar spiral tree motif emblazoned on the chest. That was the school badge of St Txarango which William used to attend. The black hair and eyes of this boy was also familiar to William...

On seeing William, the boy’s eyes widened.

“Fuck! You haven’t died yet?”

I must admit I got carried away. When I held the knife, I felt invincible, as though I was the main character in a novel and there was nothing that could

stop me. On top of that, I felt superior psychologically as civilisation was more advanced in my world. The Prince's castle? I can waltz right in like it's a street market.

I originally planned to check on blondie's status everyday and report it to Tina so she need not worry too much and use this to threaten her to eat or she would not receive information. If blondie died, I could let her know and she can give up earlier and I can even help her put a vase of flowers at blondie's bedside in condolence. That was all I thought of doing, at first, and I valiantly got to it.

First layer of security, broken through!

Second layer, through!

The security for a Prince's castle only amounted to so much and gave the impression like those in the castle were not much either.

But when I came to the third layer of security, the me that was like the wind was discovered by this stubble ridden hawk-eyed man. He couldn't catch up to me but he could keep sight of me, and directed the guards to quickly seal off all exit points and corner me. Surrounded by spearmen, the stubble man walked over while sizing me up as the encirclement tightened.

"A student of St Txarango? Bring him away!"

"Yes!"

Because of my arrogance, I may have to sit behind bars for the rest of my life.

I hope that at that time, Tina can come to see me once a day, no, twice a day and bring me some food. Also Harry, my only friend should share with me some of his precious collection of books so I can burn some time in prison. It would be the best if he shared ones that were about lolis, I have no interest in old sister types... The moment I think about how there is no one left to get rid of the stinkbugs from Tina, I feel agonised.

In the end they took away my knife, brought me to a small library where I saw a bare-chested, nipple-baring William who should have been lying in a coma, looking like he was in the pink of health.

(TL: 666 is a mainland chinese net lingo term popularised in League of Legends, means something like “Well played”. See:

[http://zhidao.baidu.com/question/1175659466422508059.html?
fr=ala&word=666&device=mobile&ssid=0&from=844b&uid=0&pu=usm@1,sz@1](http://zhidao.baidu.com/question/1175659466422508059.html?fr=ala&word=666&device=mobile&ssid=0&from=844b&uid=0&pu=usm@1,sz@1)

“What?”

“Nothing,” I replied as I sipped the hot coffee brought by a maid and told a bewildered William, “As expected of His Highness the Prince, completely played us ordinary folk for the fool.”

“That is for the sake of finding out the mastermind and ensuring the safety of the people.” William replies as he too takes a sip of coffee, “How is Tina?”

“Very good, never you mind.”

For the sake of my pride, I could not bear to tell him that Tina was so worried that she couldn’t even eat and merely told him she was just worried.

“Is that so.”

William squinted his eyes and looked outside the window at the starry skies, looking as though he was reminiscing about some good times in the past. Come to think of it, looking at him close, he really has a nice body. The light from the oil lamp shone on his biceps, creating a shadow from the contours, making it especially sexy.

(TL: Seriously Molan, you sure you into lolis?)

“So to check on my status, you brought nothing and no one and barged into my castle?”

“Un.”

“And now you have confirmed it, but this is top secret. I only plan to announce my full recovery 3 days later.”

“I won’t spread it around. Neither will Tina.”

“What a heroic young man, charging right in with no plan whatsoever. Did you know that you can be executed for your actions?”

“Ha!? Executed?”

So it's not just imprisonment!? So that coffee was my last meal!? It's over, I don't have any blades with me now. All I have is a damned tablespoon, can it work? No way, I don't have that invincible feeling at all from holding it in my hand!

"Haha, don't worry, nothing to be afraid of. I won't execute you, and you even have the name of Faburando which contains the privilege of a 1 time pardon anyway."

It's so amazing? Say it earlier, you scared the shit out of me. I drank some coffee to calm my nerves.

"You've learnt swordsmanship before?" William asked again.

"Yeah, I've learnt."

I was going to say no on reflex but decided to change my answer on second thought.

"I've never seen your stance when you wield a sword before, is it a special style?"

"...Yes."

Actually, I'm just wielding it without thinking.

"Do you know anything else, what about magic?"

"I have absolutely no talent in magic. I cannot even accomplish the most basic of tasks like lighting and putting out a lamp. But I know swordplay."

Be it swords or knives, my ability activates with both and up to now I can't figure out why. Perhaps knives are seen as half of swords? Or maybe my real talent is with knives and I see swords as knives, which activates my ability.

"You know swordplay? Good, I have just the right gift for you."

William walks out of the study as he finished and brought a long rectangular box back. He passed the box to me and urged me to open it.

I could feel a weight in the box. Opening the box, I saw a single-edged pure white sword that rested in the box, almost like a young girl waiting quietly in a boudoir.

As I took out the sword, I could feel almost no weight from it. The hilt and the sheath fit together seamlessly, and the lack of a guard suits my preference. The contours along the hilt seemed to fit my palm perfectly, giving me a very secure grip. The blade reflected the moonlight clearly as it slipped smoothly out of the sheath. The blade itself is razor thin and sharp, yet the edge is sturdy and neither dull nor delicate.

It resembles a Japanese katana, though I have never seen a Tang Dynasty sword.

(TL: I think the best resemblance is a Shirasaya style – See:
<http://www.swordsofnorthshire.com/ryumon-japanese-red-wood-shirasaya>)

But this is not a katana as the following was engraved at the bottom of the hilt:
For the mighty Txarango Kingdom.

"This is a gift from the prince of the eastern Gillham Kingdom. It's a splendid weapon, created using their unique techniques. It's very beautiful but does not fit my style." William stares at me, "The you without a weapon, is a completely different person from now."

"...There are no guards in this room now, and the only weapon is in my hands, what if I were an assassin and I were to stab you right here and now?"

"Haha~" William laughs lightheartedly, with a completely relaxed look, he claps his hand on my shoulder and says, "You really have guts huh, I'm liking you more and more."

"Just based on my gut feeling," he continues while smiling, "You won't be able to wound me."

"..."

"Want to try?"

"...No."

I don't think I can wound him either.

Though I have immense confidence while wielding the sword, William seems far stronger than me by leaps and bounds... The composure he exudes as he sips his coffee makes him seem like an unshakeable and unfathomable existence.

“I see you really like the sword.”

“Yeah.”

To have a katana is every otaku’s dream yo! I too have been conquered by the all-powerful soft power of Japan’s anime culture. Though this isn’t a true katana from Japan, it looks about the same so it’s good enough.

“Even if you regret, I’m not returning Shuoxue to you.”

“Shuoxue is?”

“The sword’s name, I just came up with it.”

“Hahaha, as a Prince, I won’t take back the things I said.”

That’s good, and now I am a man with a sword! Shuoxue completely suits my tastes; in human terms, it would be as though I’d fallen in love with her at first sight, just like when I met Tina. My inspiration for naming the sword was also thanks to my meeting with Tina (TL: Shuoxue refers to snowfall in northern China. The term appeared in some ancient Chinese poem). A world with Shuoxue and Tina isn’t too bad after all.

“Why the gift?”

“It’s to thank you.”

“In the name of William Txarango Brusti, I offer you my most sincere gratitude,” William declared as he bowed deeply to me, “Thank you for saving me from the demonic beast. Though you did not do it for me, this sword is my humble gift to you in appreciation for saving me.”

“Oh, oh...”

Receiving a bow and thanks out of nowhere was too surprising and I was unable to react.

“There is one more gift, though I don’t know if you will accept it,” William picks up a piece of paper that had a butterfly knot at the top of the page off the desk and passed it to me, “Strictly speaking, this is not a gift but is my personal wish. It is a letter of appointment for you to become a member of my personal guard. All you need to do is sign your name and give your palm print.”

“...Ha?”

The shock I received this time was even larger than when I heard I might be executed.

But William continued unperturbed.

“You are a young man with great potential. Should you receive formal training and guidance, you will be even more outstanding and will definitely become a person I can count on. I will personally train you into a peerless warrior that will not put your name to shame.” He paused for a moment before continuing, “Though you may possess the Faburando name, you are not a real noble. Now lies a straight path to ascend to aristocracy, don’t you want to take it?”

“Nope.” I pressed the letter of appointment onto his face.

Are you kidding me? We are rivals in love! Even if you give me a hundred swords, we are still rivals and when push comes to shove I will even make you into a pincushion using the sword you gave me so how can I work for you. Unless you turn around and propose to set me and Tina, I might consider your offer.

And I don’t particularly want to work, the life of a freeloader at a noble’s house is pretty good.

“If you have any other demands, you may propose them and I will do my best to fulfill them.”

Stay away from Tina? Is what I won’t say since I will lose my face.

“Nothing else, I’m leaving.”

I picked up Shuoxue and started to make my way out. It’s time to get back, Tina was still locked up in her room after all.

“If you ever change your mind, you can come back and seek me out. I will let my subordinates know that you have free entry into my castle.”

“Just give up... Wait.”

I stopped at the doorway.

“Changed your mind?”

“No, about gratitude, you haven’t thanked Tina. Without her magic, even I

couldn't have killed the demonic beast, so she also helped save your..." pathetic, "...life."

William turned his back to me and began clearing the books and letter on the table.

"Lady Faburando is a noble and to ensure the safety and honor of royalty is her duty. The wealth and power bestowed upon them by royalty that they enjoy should be repaid by commensurate responsibilities. Thus, they should not receive special rewards." He went silent for a bit before continuing, "But, not as a Prince, in my personal capacity, I am extremely grateful to her... Please help me convey this."

"...I will give this message to her."

In the end, I never dared to ask about their relationship. They must have some pink and romantic memories between them. Recalling the day before the ceremony, Tina's gaze as she sat in the canteen was very distant as though she were thinking back into her distant past. Her expression was looser than usual and she even leaked a tiny smile past her usual coldness. That was the cutest Tina I had seen ever since I met her.

But in the end, William got engaged with a foreign princess. Maybe it was of his own will, maybe it wasn't. But who knows how painful and sad it must have been for Tina? Maybe that's why she became a silent, rejecting existence like an insurmountable ice mountain.

Thinking of the world before I came evoked various bitter feelings.

Chapter 3: Master, if you must fall in love, fall in love with me!

TL: If it weren't for Tina, this series would definitely be yaoi. Wait, she's supposedly flat-chested right? What if...?

The truth is, my night raid into the castle was worth it. Though finding William to be hale and healthy was very disappointing, I was able to return with Shuoxue in my arms and I even got to sneak a slap on William...And he hasn't even realised it, wakakaka!

I am inseparable with Shuoxue now and I bring her on nightly adventures around St Txarango. The me now is like the wind and peeking into girls' rooms without being found is effortless to me. But I won't do it, would such an upright gentleman like myself commit such wayward evil acts? All I do is steal Harry's collection.

"Recently, my collection is dwindling," Harry complains to me during class.

I sit with him at the same table, in the corner of the classroom. The two of us are of the same feather, and are anchors for our class in test result rankings so teachers give the seats with the worst visibility of the board to us. I can't help it, even if I was a top student back on earth, why bother learning magic if I have zero talent? Might as well use the time to sleep.

"There's a thief huh, I answered.

"Maybe... He only stole from my collection though, and left my gold alone. Oh! He also stole my cookies, those were baked for me by Monica! I haven't even tasted one yet."

"This is retribution, divine punishment from God."

"No way," Harry replied with fear in his voice, "Is God a jealous single?"

"Who knows."

"Actually what he's stealing is not a big deal, he only steals the loli books that I don't read. I only got those because they were bundled together with my big

sister books, they hold no value to me.”

“What? What do you mean by “no value”? My dear stupid Harry, I had thought you were dumb but you aren’t just dumb, you are blind and unable to see the treasures before you. Let me tell you a saying from my hometown: Lolis are justice! From now on, buy more loli books.”

“No no no, I beg to differ. Though everyone has their own kink, broadly speaking, older women with big breasts are more popular right? Men can’t help but to be attracted to women with maternalistic features like their mothers.”

(TL: Harry isn’t normal either)

“God, I brought this stupid horse to the water but I can’t make it drink.”

(TL: Some idioms here that lose their meanings in translation. Literal: Weak wood that cannot be carved, lousy earth that cannot hold up a wall)

“Right back at you, having interests that are completely abnormal...”

2 books from Mr Hvaler ended our conversation.

Though I like Shuoxue very much, she is a little different from what I had thought of her.

Her blade looks sharp, and the reflection off the blade made one shudder in fear but she is unable to cut anything. I experimented with many objects, and apart from a piece of bread with much effort, nothing could be cut. Even a tear was impossible with objects that were slightly harder. The blade was blunt beyond imagination, like a stick; but because Shuoxue was so light, even a stick had more destructive power.

This is that sort of thing isn’t it, like a gun of kindness that is unable to fire bullets, is Shuoxue a sword of kindness that is unable to cut anything?

(TL: Not sure is there is a reference for the gun)

A sudden realisation hit me as to why William said with full confidence that I absolutely cannot hurt him. Perhaps it is not that he judged that I am weaker than him but rather that he knows that Shuoxue is so blunt, she cannot even cut clothes.

Even though it looks so thin and sharp... Why is it unable to cut anything? It's curious for reality to have such conflicting results from what is perceived. Maybe there is some spell on the blade. Just as I was stroking the blade in my room while deep in thought, a prickling pain came from my fingertips.

"Wu."

There was a scratch on my finger and bloodstains all over the blade.

Eh? How did I scratch my finger? I gingerly touched the edge of the blade, it's still blunt.

After a detailed inspection, I noticed that there was a U-shaped chip in the blade near the hilt. It was shallow and not easily noticeable. When I pressed my finger to it, the skin immediately tore and blood dripped out.

I went to get tissues from my wardrobe to clean Shuoxue but when I got back, the blade was clean and shiny with not a speck of blood on it.

When I held Shuoxue, the hilt gave me a chill to the bone and the blade seemed like it was emitting a cold draught.

It was clearly hot outside like it should be at the peak of summer, with the glorious sun banishing any dark clouds, resulting in clear blue skies as far as the eye can see.

I swallowed, and raised Shuoxue. After doing a quick scan of the room, I lightly swung at a wooden table nearby.

The blade passed through the table but I didn't feel like I had cut anything – Until I touched the table, whereupon it split in 2 and fell to the ground, with traces of ice crystals along the cut.

"For destruction of property, it will be a fine of 200 gold pieces."

The head instructor delivered the verdict heartlessly and took away all the gold I was holding and started counting it on the table.

"So, so many...This is 2 months of saving from my allowance."

"Then you should have never used the furniture in the room to try your sword on."

How would I know that it was cut apart so easily.

"Where did you get that white sword?"

"Wi...Someone gifted it to me."

I nearly blurted out the secret of William's health before I remembered that it hasn't been announced yet.

"Don't swing it around wildly again, if you do this again, the fine will be double." The head instructor warned as he stared daggers at me.

"Oh... Head instructor, I heard that the name of Faburando can pardon me from anything once so please let me off this time. I will starve without money."

"You used your name long ago when you slept in class on your first day in school, did you forget? Mr Hvaler woke you up then but did not send you to stand outside class."

"There was such a thing?"

That seemed to have actually happened! No way, I wasted such a powerful privilege on such a thing.

"Un, 200 pieces, the number is correct." The head instructor confirms as he lovingly puts the gold pieces one by one into the drawer with one hand while stroking his long beard that reached his stomach with the other. "Tch tch tch tch, my lovely gold fairies...Why are you still standing here? Get out!"

Those were supposed to be my lovely fairies. I walked out of the head instructor's office despondently. What should I do, it's only the beginning of the month but I've used up all my money. Tina never gives me an advance on my allowance and Harry frequently updates his collection so I can't expect him to have much money. In this world, the people I know stop there.

I will never find blondie for help, not even if I have to starve.

First I'll survive for a few days on the cookies I stole from Harry. To be honest, those cookies are really really really terrible. When i first tried them, I couldn't continue after one piece but it's a good thing I didn't throw them away then. I didn't expect that they were baked by Ms Monica. I thought Harry made them himself. Monica, your cooking really sucks.

Instead of filling my stomach, I'm more concerned about Shuoxue. I was spot on, she seems to be a magic sword. Other than the chip, the rest of the blade was blunt to the point it could barely slice bread. But after spreading some blood on the blade, the chip will be filled with ice and the blade will emit a bloodcurdling chill and cut through steel like butter. But when the ice at the chip melted, she became as blunt as a stick.

Becoming sharp upon drinking blood, it was as if she was sentient.

Maybe I shouldn't call her Shuoxue, maybe I should call her vampire instead.

As the morning sunshine spilled into room, I should still be asleep at this early time when even the birds were still in bed. But today I was awoken by pain from my neck, which felt like I was bitten by a stray cat.

"Hello master~"

A strange little girl appeared before me. Her eyes were pure white, as was her long hair which seem to envelop her whole body. In the gaps between her hair, her skin could be seen to be white like porcelain as well... I could feel that she wasn't wearing anything and was twisting about while straddling me.

"So cold...Ouch!"

She bit down into my neck and started drinking with the vigor of a baby at the bottle. I could feel rapid blood loss and a lack of oxygen to my brain.

"Stop! What are you doing!"

"Just one mouthful, just one mouthful."

Get lost you. It took me quite a bit of effort to get her off me. She knelt on the bed, licking her slips with a satisfied look. Her face was still covered with blood stains and it streamed down her neck to her breasts, stomach, and...

"AHHHHHHHHHHH Why aren't you wearing anything!"



(TL: Est from Seirei Tsukai, obvious inspiration is obvious)

"Hmhm, nice body right~" Despite having the face of a child who couldn't be much older than 10, her smile was very devilish, "Just follow through on your urges and desires and eat me master! I know that you are a perverted lolicon who only goes for titles with "Grade Schooler", "Underage" or "Little Sister" in them whenever you steal erotic books! Now look at this sexy 12-year-old body! You can't hold back anymore right!"

(TL: Author really uses transliteration of lolicon, where such cases occur, I will honor the author's wishes)

"How do you know what I like!?"

My gentleman image that I have been working hard to create!

"Of course I would know, you brought me along with you."

“Ah?”

“After drinking your blood, I awoke from my slumber. Your blood is truly a delicacy, out of 100 I would give it 98, the 2 marks deducted are for skipping meals yesterday. It made it a bit bland.”

“Wait wait wait wait.”

I scanned the room. Shuoxue, which I placed beside the wardrobe, was gone and only the empty sheath was there.

“Are you... Shuoxue?”

“Un!” The little girl nodded with a bright smile as she licked the blood on her lips.

“Why are you naked? Is it because of the sheath?”

“Because I feel master likes it that way~ I can create clothes as well.”

“Is that so.” I pondered for a moment, “Create a school swimsuit.”

“Watch.”

Oh ho, a school swimsuit exactly like those from manga and anime appeared on her. Come to think of it, this is my first time seeing it in the flesh. Un, so-so I guess.

“What about gothic clothing?”

“Watch.”

This, is great! 100% moe max! The subtle matching of red and black, cute intricate pleats, long sleeves with fretwork patterns, with a belt at the waist, silk stockings with dark stripes, and the most glorious piece to complete it were the pair of thin-heeled stilettos which were the perfect balance between mature charm and young innocence....

“Master your eyes look like those of a beast.”

“Gym uniform?”

“Change.”

“Sailor school uniform?”

“Change.”

“Nurse?”

“Change.”

“Bunny girl?”

“Stop it you damned pervert, don’t use me like a dress up doll.” Shuoxue said as she stopped her endless changes, “The previous master was much more proper than you.”

My eyebrows raised in surprise.

“How many masters have you had?”

“Including you, only 2. The first was,” Shuoxue paused as she looked at the calendar hanging on the wall, “Let me see, the first master was over 10 millennia ago.”

“10 millennia ago?”

“About there, I don’t remember the details.”

“How old are you?”

“I am an energetic 12 year young little girl~”

Bullshit, taking me for an idiot?

“My present form looks about 12 years old right? My looks won’t change so I’m forever 12. Aren’t you happy, master? I’m a loli with no expiry!”

“The sheath says that the date of manufacturing is 2 years ago.”

“That’s the sheath, not me. When I was born, humans didn’t even know how to use magic yet.”

“What kind of person was your first master like?” I was very interested to find out.

Shuoxue used her index finger to support her chin and shook her bare legs as she sat on the edge of the bed.

“A very boring man, with a cold attitude... Dull... Poor communication skills... Seems like he knows nothing but swordsmanship. But later on after meeting a

woman, he slowly turned cute..."

On saying that, she leapt over with a big smile plastered on her face.

"Just kidding master~ You're so much cuter than him!"

"Move move move." I pushed her away by pushing her face.

Don't come so close, my body and heart is Tina's! Even if you are more loli than her I won't fall to you. I Molan Faburando am a man who stays faithful to one in both actions and feelings.

"Were you always a sword?"

"That's right, I was born as a greatsword but I was modified after my slumber... But my first memories were of me as a greatsword. My then-master used me to kill many people," Shuoxue said as she smiled alluringly with closed lips, "People called him the Sword Saint."

"Sword saint... Does he hold the sword upright facing the sky with both hands and shout "Weng weng weng" while regenerating health?"

(TL: Master Yi from League, See: <https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=FamQaPgGpFM>)

"What are you talking about?"

No? Boring.

"Because we took many lives, there were always people after us. Sometimes humans would also request for assassination services from us. But most times, it was just the two of us wandering the world freely. He said he had neither kin nor friends, and truly had no ties to the world which is how he mastered the strongest sword skills. Oh man, let me tell you, his swordsmanship was downright amazing!"

Shuoxue leapt up and snatched the sheath from my hands and imitated the movements of the Sword Saint, complete with sound effects. With her hair that reached her feet, she looked like a little madman as she jumped about.

"Coming and going without a sign! Killing without leaving a trace! Whenever the blade fell, there would be a sea of blood and a mountain of corpses! I never had to hunger following him. Though he usually had no charisma whatsoever,

when he held a sword his coolness overflowed like BOOMBOOMBOOM!"

She leapt over again.

"But of course you are much cooler~"

"Okay okay, I'm not jealous, continue the story."

"The Sword Saint defeated innumerable enemies and left legends of his exploits everywhere he went. But it all ended when he was captured by humans and executed by royalty."

The plot ended so suddenly, I couldn't even react. Shuoxue went silent, and leaned against my chest as she sat on my thighs, not uttering a single word. Perhaps she was reliving good memories, perhaps she was overwhelmed by sadness. Her body was ice-cold and hugging her felt like hugging an ice sculpture.

After a moment, she continued the story.

At the very end, the Sword Saint knelt with his head down before the guillotine like a beaten dog. Those with grievances with the Sword Saint were uncountable and those who gathered to watch were enough to fill a city. As the blade fell down and his head rolled across the stone pavement, the gathered crowd cheered as though it were a joyous festival.

What could have made the intractable and indomitable Sword Saint prostrate himself in defeat? Maybe it's affection, maybe it's love.

Against the kinless Sword Saint, the rulers had kidnapped his lover.

She was an ordinary girl he met on his journeys. When they had first met, she was scattering bait by a lake and a gentle breeze blew her long skirt, revealing her calves.

The girl was used as a hostage to coerce the Sword Saint into walking into a trap. He took up his greatsword and boldly went to where he was directed to, confident of being able to handle any trap or enemy, no matter what. He believed he would slaughter his way through countless enemies, just like he always did, save the love of his life and escape unscathed to continue an endless journey.

But alas, he could never have guessed that what awaited him was that very

girl, pointing a sword at him in the large hallway, cursing and yelling at him to pay his debt of blood.

The Sword Saint had killed the girl's father and she had deceived him all this while for the sake of revenge. She wasn't kidnapped, rather it was a collaborative trap between her and the rulers. When the Sword Saint learnt of the truth, he lost his will to fight and his grip on the greatsword loosened and it fell spinning to the ground. The troops who were lying in wait swooped in immediately and bound him whereupon the emperor decreed that he was to be executed the very same day by beheading as a show of royal might.

And so the Sword Saint died and Shuoxue went into a deep slumber. Only after Molan pricked his finger at the blade chip 10,000 years later did she stir from her slumber.

"He deserved it, he deserved it." Shuoxue said as she rubbed her face against my chest.

"He deserved it, who asked him to fall in love? And so the invincible Sword Saint became an ordinary man. Please don't repeat his mistake master, if you die I'll have to go to sleep again so please don't fall in love with anyone. If you must, fall in love with me!"

"If you want me to fall in love with you then don't drink my blood first."

"Eh! Okay, I'll go drink others' then."

"No!"

I knocked her on the head with my fist.

"No blood consumption."

"I will die of hunger!" She cries while shaking her head with tears in her eyes.

"Then suck blood from animals, chicken pig cow whatever."

"But the blood of animals tastes bad."

"If not then deal with hunger then."

"Okay..." Shuoxue agrees grudgingly, "I'll start with pigs but animal blood is really bad-tasting and it doesn't fill my stomach. If I can't take it anymore,

master must remember to save me.”

“How to save you?”

Her eyes turned murderous instantly.

“Just kill someone.”

Another fist of mine came crashing down on Shuoxue.

“Oh right, I seemed to have forgotten about that.”

“What is that?”

“You bit my neck...”

There was no way my blood platelets could stop the bleeding from Shuoxue tearing open my arteries. I was so engrossed in speaking with her that I had forgotten my neck was bleeding... As I raised my hand to check, I was shocked.

“It recovered long ago, my saliva has healing effects, just like healing spells, amazing right~” Shuoxue said as she stuck out her pink and delicate tongue to me, “Just lick and your wounds are all good! But this is ineffective on all but you master because we have a pact of blood.”

Shuoxue grabbed onto my neck.

“That’s why master should give me one more bite. I can heal it up anyway and I promise I’ll only drink as much as you are still barely alive! No more after that! On account of my 10,000 year old hunger, promise me~”

“Get off get off get off get off! I am scared of you sucking me dry and then resurrecting me! I am also about to face a crisis and have nothing to eat for a month. You know how precious blood is to me ri...Ouch! You bitch! I told you not to bite!”

Chapter 4: You all are coming with me to the Oracle Plenary!

After Prince William had awoken from his coma, the air of trepidation and gloom finally dissipated from Txarango Kingdom. Newspapers carried cover stories that celebrated the beloved Prince's recovery; more people could be seen on the streets, and street stalls were once again bustling with business and places of entertainment which had shuttered the past few days reopened.

In a certain countryside bar, people were celebrating Prince William's recovery with song and drink, relieved of the overhanging worry. In a corner of the bar, 4 people were drinking somberly, a sharp contrast to the joyous atmosphere about them.

"You failed, idiot Dip," the woman with her legs propped on the table scolded. Her skin was tanned and she wore revealing clothes that emphasised her good proportions, coupled with stylish makeup, that made her very alluring.

Sitting opposite her was a little girl who was also tanned with her hair in 2 pigtails, with a modest figure that was completely unlike the woman. Her face showed clear displeasure upon receiving the woman's remarks.

"Tch~" Dip clicked her tongue as she twirled her left ear lobe, from which a large pentacle patterned earring hung. She always got an itch from putting it on for too long, "That Prince really is a survivor, to have recovered from that."

Whether it was the earring or the tone of speech, it was exactly the same as that of the cloaked man who ambushed the Prince.

"Not only did you fail, you even used the experiment subject arbitrarily, and let it be destroyed. Do you even know how much it took to create that thing? Fucking hell, it's worth more than a hundred of you!"

"Of course I know how much it's worth! But if I hadn't used it, wouldn't I have been caught? Who knew that the Prince would have found me out so easily despite my skill at camouflage? Lucky I had brought the experiment subject as insurance."

"Did you not understand what I said? It's worth a hundred of you! Besides making childish hidden weapons and being able to change your form easily, you are a useless piece of shit that cannot even accomplish a simple assassination! It wouldn't be a pity at all even if you died then and there!"

"Uh huh? You really are running your mouth cowtits, what about you then? Besides losing control of your lust and spitting out flames that burnt down our base and all of our possessions, what else can do huh huh? No matter how useless I am, I'm still worth more than you!"

"What is wrong with you? The house being burnt down is my fault? Don't you all already know that I can't control myself from shooting sparks out when I get excited? That's why the house never has any combustible objects, yet you had to put your damned poison vial beside the bed that day! If it weren't for that, would the house have burnt down, huh!?"

"So what if I left my poison vial in the room huh? Weren't we supposed to be out that day? Who knew that a bitch in heat all year round would bring a man back that night and fool around so much that the sparks made the vial explode and a fire erupted! It's all your fault, okay!?"

"Alright alright..." Said the old man sitting beside Dip as he separated them with a weak smile on his face, "Stop fighting already Dip, Jefannie. We are all comrades of the Pentacle, let's get along..."

As he said, all 4 people had that similar pattern on them: Dip on her left earring, Jefannie's tattoo on her right thigh, the old man's bracelet on his right wrist and lastly, the youth who was wearing a hat made the pentacle into a necklace.

"What we need to consider now is how to finish the request, our client is getting impatient and will withdraw the deposit if we don't do something soon so this is no time to fight amongst ourselves... Let's have a drink to cool our heads."

"And do you have money, Urso?" Dip asked as she drank a glass of water.

Urso had a troubled expression as he realised that his proposition had a fatal flaw.

"Er, about that..."

"It's fine, I'll get us drinks," said the youth wearing the hat. As he said so, his eyes turned red and a vein at his temple bulged.

A server in front involuntarily shuddered, stood up straight and stiffly left the table he was serving and went straight into the cellar and brought out 4 bottles to their table before leaving with empty eyes.

"...Eh?" The server shuddered again as he returned to the table he was at before utterly clueless about his previous actions, "What was I doing... Ah! Miss, your bill is 3 gold coins."

The 3 people gave thanks and respect to the spell the youth just casted.

"Lucky there's Cruise, as long as you're around we will never starve."

"As expected of an elf, exceeding talent in magic that allows mastery over even the hardest ancient spells... And not to mention, tall and handsome too~ Ah I want to eat you up~"

Cruise pushed away Jefannie.

"Without that demonic beast's serum, one person is the absolute limit, and the duration is not long either. If I had the serum, my limits to this spell will greatly increase. unfortunately, we simply have too little serum to use it willfully. Urso, have you found a way to mass produce the serum?"

"No, there are far too few samples to work with. I can't find a way at present."

"Is that so..." Cruise said as he bent low, "Someone is here."

Just then, a man came into the bar and swept his eyes over the place. When he saw Dip's group, he stopped and picked a seat somewhere before picking up a newspaper to cover his face as he observed them.

(TL: While I'm quite impressed that William's forces found them, I'm quite disappointed at the level of spying ability... They could use a tip or 2 from the NSA...)

"He is spying on us."

"That sword means he's from Guards right? Why would such a high profile guy

be in the countryside?"

"Looks like he's here for us."

"Stop."

Cruise stopped Dip who had reached into her pocket and turned his head to Urso.

"Urso, when is the Oracle?"

"Ah? Er, probably... 5 days later."

Cruise pondered for a bit before laughing sinisterly.

"... I thought of a plan, want to hear it?"

St Txarango Academy was bustling with activity recently, with colourful decorations everywhere and there was even a stage being set up in front of the school building. From my experience back on earth, a festival is probably about to be held and boys and girls will prepare various programmes and stalls, seizing the opportunity to have a fulfilling youth experience.

Harry told me I was wrong, and there was no festival. The arrangements were to welcome the headmaster who had been on an overseas study trip for several years, and the stage was actually a podium for the headmaster to give his speech about his study trip.

What an audacious person, to have the whole school work tirelessly for the sake of his ending speech. Come to think of it, the big clean up the head instructor got the whole school to do the other day was probably for this. Everything for the one at the top, that guy is probably something, or they wouldn't have bothered to issue me a notice that the cleanliness of my room was not up to par.

"Why do you seem so wilted today? You've been lying on the table unmoving for the entire afternoon," Harry asked, curious at my state of malaise.

What nonsense, I haven't had anything to eat for 3 days except for those terrible cookies of yours, and the free water in the canteen, how could I still be lively?

Never mind, I should ignore him and save as much energy as possible.

I crawled back to my room once lessons ended and saw Shuoxue happily jumping on and off my bed.

"You're back master! Look at me look at me, I'm flying!"

"Buzz off, I'm going to sleep, don't disturb me."

"Sleep, it's only midday."

"And what do you know, sleeping is the best way to conserve energy. Just don't disturb me."

I can't be bothered to continue talking and fell onto my bed.

Just as I hit my pillow, *dong dong dong* sounded on my door. Which bastard is that, is it Harry, I don't even have the energy to rise from my bed now, go knock yourself out.

Dong dong dong

Dong dong dong

"...Molan?"

I got up, buttoned my shirt, flattened my bed hair, sprayed some perfume, stuck my chest out, raised my head and put on a radiant smile; all at light speed, before opening the door.

"Is there anything Tina?"

"Un."

Tina stood outside the door and raised her head to look at me.

She didn't say a word and I didn't dare to do anything, and we just stared at each other like 2 wooden dummies. I couldn't take it anymore and my forced expression began to crack.

"Come with me."

Tina grabbed my arm and pulled me along.

I didn't understand what she was doing, where was she taking me? Whatever, I would go to the ends of the world and beyond for her. I just hope that

Shuoxue, who had turned back into her sword form, closes the door before she starts playing again. Things would get really troublesome if someone were to walk past and see a little girl jumping on my bed.

Tina pulled me to the lawn behind the school building and found a spot which was shaded by trees before sitting down. This was the perfect spot to relax and frolic about and would always have people sitting about chatting while having tea or sunbathing whenever there were free afternoons. There were also couples flirting about, evoking the flames of anger within me.

“Molan.”

“Here!”

“Have you eaten lunch?”

“I ate already, just now, so I’m really full now.”

“Molan,” Tina commands as she tightens the grip on my wrist, “Don’t lie to me.”

...As expected of Tina, she is too smart for me to be able to hide anything from her.

“No,” I replied honestly.

“Yesterday?”

“... Nothing also.”

“The day before?”

“...”

Tina’s gaze sharpened and I didn’t dare to look into her eyes and looked every which way but into them.

“No money?”

“Un...”

Tina was angry, not just because I used up my money but also because I lied to her. But having her hold my hand-made me very happy and what can I say~ Having Tina notice that something was off about me and worry about me~

"There is no more allowance for you this month." Tina coldly said.

"Oh." I had already expected no leniency from her.

"Eat this."

A lunch box was pushed into my grasp. Only now did I notice that Tina had been holding on to this. I looked at Tina but she had turned her back to me. Opening the lunch box, I saw something that was probably some sort of noodles.

"Eh, did... Tina make this?"

"...Un. I made this. Just now."

Oh my! I had never seen Tina cook before. It was always the servants at the dorm or the canteen at school, and I never knew that Tina could master the kitchen as well. I had always thought that she was a pampered young mistress who couldn't even differentiate between salt and sugar.

I was so grateful that tears streamed down my face and I eagerly took a big mouthful.

"..."

... She really doesn't know how to differentiate salt and sugar... And the portion of what she put in was too much... What a strange flavour... And that blackened piece of thing is a piece of meat right... If I eat such a burnt thing, I'll get cancer won't I...

"How is it?"

"Delicious, simply the best."

"... Hmhm~"

I demolished the noodles with big mouthfuls as I held the lunch box. A man that knows how to endure is a good man. As the students around frolicked about, a gentle breeze blew as time slowly passed.

Tina grew tired, and dozed off while leaning against my shoulder. It was cool and comfortable under the tree and sunlight seeped through the gaps in the leaves, leaving dots of light about.

How nice is it to have the girl you love right beside you, so close that you can

even count the strands of her curly eyelashes. She even made you lunch, and you can even see the slight burn marks on her fingers. Sitting with each other under in the cool shade, passing a summer afternoon as the crickets cried and the wild grass grew long.

“Hello.”

That scared the shit out of me! Before I realised it, some little boy was squatting beside me, with his hands on his knees, staring at me motionlessly.

“Hello.” He repeated his greeting.

The little boy wore simple exquisite clothes and had a perfect back comb. His eyes were big and round, and reflected my image perfectly. He squatted there quietly, and seemed to be very well behaved, like a little boy from the neighbourhood who always comes over to play.

“Hello.” I said, returning his greeting, “You’re pretty well-dressed. Going on a date later?”

His hairstyle was even a mature one, and the leather rounded toe shoes he wore were flawlessly glossy.

“No, I have a speech tonight.”

“What are you squatting here for?”

“I’m observing you.”

“Why are you observing me?”

“Because someone said you are very handsome”

“That person has good taste huh.”

“Is this person your girlfriend?”

“No... She is the young mistress of my house.”

“Do you like her?”

COUGH

I hurriedly checked Tina’s status. She was still fast asleep and had not stirred.

I answered in a low voice: “You, how did you see that?”

“That person told me.”

“Who is that person?”

“The one who said that you are very handsome.”

Who else besides me knows that I like Tina? Did William see through me? Was this little boy close to William? Or was it Harry who told him? No, Harry is too dumb to find out that I like Tina...

Just as I was prepared to interrogate him, the little boy dusted his bottom as he got up.

“I’m going off now. I snuck out so they will find out soon.”

The little bow went around the tree trunk and by the time I stretched my body to find him, he had already run off far away.

But I saw him again later at night. All staff and students were gathered before the school building and the little boy was standing on the 1-meter tall podium, with an ahoge sticking out. He read out from his script and we, the audience, gave him a round of applause. The crowd seemed to listen from start to end with great relish, and the head instructor was very pleased with this.

I didn’t listen to most of what the little boy said. At the end of his script, he cleared his throat.

“There is one more thing that I have returned for. In a few days, it will be the Oracle Plenary that everyone knows about. In the past, I have gone alone and it was boring doing so. But this year will be different, our school has 3 slots,” he said, pausing for a moment, “Is there anyone who wants to go and play with me there~”

The audience was struck dumb, as though the little boy had said something very incredible. It was deathly silent... Rather, there was a pressure and cheers suddenly erupted as all hell broke loose.

“MEMEMEMEMEMEMEME!!!”

“HEADMASTER PICK ME HEADMASTER PICK ME HEADMASTER PICK ME!!”

“Oh Great Headmaster, I beg you please bring me to see the elf sister!!”

Everyone was frantically waving their hands and shouting to get the little boy's attention. There were even people fighting and shouting at each other to not snatch the spot from them. It was like a riot. Even Mr Hvaler and the head instructor who were already up there in years were bouncing up and down like bunnies with their arms raised up high with excited expressions.

What was the Oracle Plenary? Who was the elf sister? I couldn't get a grasp of what everything was about and was perplexed as to why everyone was in a frenzy to get a slot. Harry was especially enthusiastic, and had defeated all the strong rivals about him with clear ferocity and frenzy in his eyes, "Oh Great Headmaster, I prostrate myself before you! Please I beg of you, please bring meeeeeeee!"

"I've decided!" The little boy seemed to have made his choice, "Molan Faburando, Tina Faburando Lucille Brancoise Janedeline Drewcille."

All eyes were on me and they looked like they were out for blood as the little boy smiled radiantly on the podium.

"You all are coming with me to the Oracle Plenary!"

Chapter 5: For the world in the coming year, great misfortune awaits

TL: Chapters have been getting shorter but that's because they are non-plot chapters. Long chapters again for the rest of the volume though. If you notice, there has not been a single cliffhanger though admittedly it's just been world-building and set-up so far.

In this world, each nation believes in different gods but this does not mean that there are religious conflicts, rather their overarching religion is the same. The story goes that the Progenitor created the world, set the laws and birthed the gods. The Progenitor gave the gods various duties and charge of the world. When the Progenitor died, its eyes supposedly became the sun and moon and its limbs became the mountains and rivers, stuff like that... People usually picked 1 or 2 gods they liked from the repertoire available and prayed and sacrificed to them for favours, blessings and protection. Examples include Txarango which followed the god of war, Gillham which followed the god of the sun, and Rosa which followed the god of rivers. There is just one god which is a little more special than the rest. Praying him will not grant any blessing, and so no nation builds temples and prayer halls for him but every person across every nation respects and loves him for he is the god of fate and knows the past, present and future of the world.

At a certain day every year, the god of fate will issue a prophecy to the world. And this prophecy can only be heard by his emissary who will receive it in the form of a vision on that day and translate into the various written languages and disburse them to the rest of the world. Though the prophecies are usually unclear, they are never wrong.

People thus put a lot of weight on this annual oracle, as who doesn't want to know the future? This day is thus the most solemn of days across the world, as all large scale activities and even wars are put on hold on this day, as representatives from every country will gather and prostrate at a special plaza built for the oracle and await for the arrival of the emissary of the god of fate to

relay his message.

The emissary is chosen by god, and the emissary of the god of fate will have a pink birthmark in between eyebrows. For a few thousand years, the emissary of the god of fate has been a female member of the elf race and every generation has had an exceptionally short lifespan. The human race accepted this grudgingly for a number of reasons. The elves are an elegant, noble and beautiful race with strong magic capabilities. They are pacifist and live close to nature, in deep unchartered forests, typically isolating themselves from the world. They are the elders of the world , and are humanity's spiritual idols. As such, they are regarded as the closest existences to the gods and above humans.

It is said that every generation of emissaries is the most beautiful amongst the elves, and may take on the role at various stages in life; sometimes it may be a mature lady, sometimes it may be a young girl. One common trait is their long hair: They never cut their hair from birth as the god of fate likes long hair. The emissaries only appear before humans on the day of the oracle, and all who have seen their divine beauty have been overwhelmed by it. Once, a certain heroic human king happened to sneak a peek at the emissary, and was so affected that upon returning, he lost all appetite, ignored state affairs and died in misery for he could only look on from afar at the unworldly beauty.

Thus, from then on, all emissaries wear veils when they deliver the oracle.

“Do you finally understand how sacred of a ritual this Oracle Plenary is? You are probably the first commoner to participate in it, be honoured and thankful.”

“Oh.”

I didn't feel much interest towards the Oracle Plenary, and felt that that king in the story was a really lousy and idiotic person. How could a ruler of a nation have lust but not the balls to act on them to the point of not daring to find a means of communication with the emissary at all, and die alone and miserable?

“Speaking of which, St Txarango actually has 3 participants this year. It has always been the principal who would go alone, and I'm really surprised at that.”

“Oh.”

“Why so moody first thing in the morning, what troubles have you met with?”

I met you.

William brazenly rode over and keeps coming close up to talk. Don't come over, don't come over, when you come Tina gets nervous and when she's nervous, she pinches my back.

I just knew it wouldn't be a happy journey. The number of slots each nation has for the Oracle Plenary are very limited in number and are mostly taken up by members of the royal family. As the leader of the educational institute that is directly under the supervision of the royal family – The headmaster of St Txarango Academy, the little boy Kester would also be privy to such privileges. But for some reason, he had 2 extra this year which he gave to me and Tina. We then left first thing in the morning today from school and met up with the rest of the delegation. If we were to keep riding without rest, we would probably be able to make it in time to the plaza for the Oracle. My eyes had been twitching ominously as I wondered if the royal representative would be William... And it really was him, waiting at the entrance of the school just as the faint light of morning pierced through the remnants of the night on his white horse with his guard contingent behind him, his cape blowing in the wind.

When William saw Shuoxue on my waist, he smiled widely.

(TL: Kind of like how one feels when the person you like wears your gift?)

"Does the sword cut well? I've never used it once since receiving it and was wondering if it had become blunt."

"Not bad, it cuts bread pretty fast."

By the way, Shuoxue is currently howling non-stop about how she's starving in the sheath. I was worried at first that she was too loud, but then I found that only I could hear her voice when she was in sword form.

"What we discussed before, any change of heart?"

"Nope, not all, why won't you give up already?"

"Such a stubborn man. Even though it's such a good opportunity for fame and glory."

"Give the opportunity to someone else then. My Ma always told me to be

altruistic.”

“Willy~” Headmaster Kester calls out to William, “It’s going to be you again this year who’s coming to play huh.”

“Yes.” William replies as he lowers his head in respect.

“Lanlan, is his condition still very poor?”

“Un, Father’s illness is progressively worsening.”

“Hai... And I even wanted to tell him about something fun I found out about recently.”

“Headmaster, let me know when you have time, I will send someone to receive you to Father’s castle, and you can spend time with him at length.”

“No need~ I’ll just find him myself.”

This conversation between William and the headmaster scared me. Eh? Isn’t the power relationship supposed to be opposite? Could the headmaster be someone great? Even though he’s just a little brat mimicking adults, maybe he is the scion of some wealthy household that controls the economy of the nation? It’s still the agricultural era, does his household own a lot of fertile land?

Whatever, I could care less. I carefully steered the horse, with apprehension at every step. Faburando’s head butler had taught me horse riding before, but I am still not fully adept. Nevertheless, I still got up on the horse. Of course I had to ride, if I didn’t then Tina would be riding behind blondie. Though not that she is behind me, she pinches my back from time to time. It really hurts Tina. I distanced myself from William.

Following behind was William’s guard contingent, numbering exactly 20, all decked in their military uniforms. I, Tina, William and the headmaster rode in front. Tina was wearing her best dress, with her hair tied up in a bun, exuding a graceful and elegant beauty that moved hearts. William was also in his military uniform, but it was pure white, complete with a majestic cape. The headmaster wore the same exquisite clothes he did at the speech, with his hair neatly combed back, though this time he managed to do it perfectly and there was no ahoge. I, on the other hand, had no formal wear and could only wear my uniform to greet the god of fate but I don’t think he will mind it that much.

After 2 days, we finally made it to the plaza. It was built in the middle of a vast wilderness, where no nation had territorial claims to, and no one was allowed to enter without a permit. People were already prostrating in the plaza. William was famous in diplomatic circles and many people greeted him. Each delegation had an allocated spot and ours was near the altar, where there was an impressive stone clock hanging beside that was almost the size of my room.

Continually travelling without rest over the past few days was arduous. Tina yawned constantly with tears in her eyes. I was very tired too, and my body was weak from travel. The headmaster, however, was energetic as ever. Being a kid sure is nice.

"How much longer do we have to kneel?" I asked.

"Shh," William whispered, "Don't make any noise, keep silent, the time of the Oracle is soon."

Finishing, he went quiet, lowered his head, and put his hands together with a solemn expression on his face. I was bored stiff, and surveyed the surroundings only to find that everyone else was in a similar position and demeanor. There were thousands of people gathered at the plaza, gathered from all corners of the world, prostrating themselves on the hard stone floor of the plaza, displaying utmost sincerity as they awaited the Oracle patiently and silently.

As an atheist myself, seeing such a large pilgrimage was something that shook me deep down.

When I turned around, noticed that there was dark-skinned man amongst them, wearing a necklace with a very curious shape that I seemed to have seen somewhere before.

Just then, the stone clock beside the altar sounded, even though no one was nearby.

Everyone raised their heads on knowing that the hour was here. The sound of the clock slowly dissipated, leaving only silence in the plaza.

Then the holy water in the altar surged out and made a fountain with a crashing sound, and a girl emerged from the curtains of water and stepped barefooted onto the altar.

She wore a plain white long dress, and walked out of the water without a single drop of water on her. Her long golden hair, which seemed to be as long as 10 meters covered the floor, was radiant and soft as silk, reflecting the glow of the sunset. As she held her long pointy ears characteristic of her race, she opened her eyes slowly, revealing beautiful jade irises.

Her appearance made everyone in attendance hold their breath. Though the elven maiden had a veil on, it could not hide her unworldly beauty, which pierced through with the force of a thousand suns, and lit up the world like the dawn of creation.

At this point, I could understand the feelings of the king William told me about. He was probably like me now, just helplessly gazing at the elven emissary as she seemingly descended from the heavens, as the glorious sight swept away the fatigue and pains in the body that endured continuous and arduous travel. As he knelt, shaking in the plaza, the emissary was on the altar, looking down upon the masses, an unreachable existence.

Though he may be of royal lineage and lord over a thousand cities, he was merely an ordinary man... How could he have dared to reach out to a godlike existence?

The elven maiden delicately opened her lips, and her voice rang out like a wind chime.

“I am the emissary, and I am here to announce the Oracle.”

(TL: She is currently speaking in a very formal and archaic manner that is difficult to bring across in English)

Everyone seemed to snap out of their stupor, as if they had forgotten their purpose there up until now, and perked up to listen.

“My god is all-knowing and knows of the troubles of Man who struggles on in life even as he faces the murky future, and has thus specially arranged this Plenary to share a glimpse of the things to come so as to assist Man in his decisions and meet with good fortune whilst avoiding disaster; all this, he gives in his virtue and for his love of Man.”

On hearing this, the masses in the plaza bent their heads once more in prayer.

"As declared by my god," the elven maiden continued, "In the coming year, one will find it easy to conceive but one should not move into a new home; it is an auspicious year for marriage but an ominous one for construction; one can proceed with wedding preparations but one should not build or move one's stoves and furnaces as well as avoid long travels. For those who were born in the month of metal, eating more bamboo may help improve one's luck in love..."

(TL: This was really painful to translate as I had to really research all the fortune related stuff. Essentially, it is the same format as how Chinese geomancers will announce annual fortunes during Lunar New Year where there are very clear specifications on what is good to do and what one should avoid as well as how to change your luck.)

"HUH!?"

"Don't be rude!" William berated me softly, "Don't make a ruckus."

But I must make it clear right now no matter what!

"What is she speaking about?"

"The emissary is conveying the Oracle. It contains the prophecies of the god of fate and pertains to luck throughout the year, what one should and should not do, as well as the outlook for the horoscopes."

What the hell!? Even horoscopes are here!? What's next? Blood types!?

"For those with first blood type, you will have great luck and ventures in the coming year will bring great tides of fortune..."

I called it! I just knew she would talk about blood types!

Bloody hell, this is what your religion is all about!? Travelling day and night without rest for thousands of miles over bodies of water and mountains, to this no man's land in the middle of nowhere, prostrating for hours soaked in sweat, all for the sake of blood type fortunes!?

You are all really are 666666!

(TL: Same reference as Chapter 2. He's saying they are really smooth / played it well, with sarcasm of course)

I cursed fiercely in my mind.

Was it worth it? Was it? The so-called Oracle was just this? I broke my back crossing mountain ranges, and what else do I have to show for that effort besides damned blood type fortunes?! I mean, I did get to see this world-class beauty, with her radiant golden hair, standing on the altar like a mini sun...

Worth it?

Maybe a little...

But what about Tina! Why did she have to travel so far and wide without sleep, just to see another girl beautiful thought she may be!

“Molan.”

“Un?”

“Me, I have the first blood type.” Tina declared with some satisfaction as she pulled my sleeve.

“...Congrats congrats.”

... What the heck, why is everyone listening so closely and enthusiastically?

I feel like I’m the one who is weird.

Could it be that... Unlike earth which has an overwhelming number of horoscopes from as many religions and mystic faiths, the singular belief here seems much more credible to people... Ah ah, whatever floats your boat... I won’t make a fuss about anything that seems weird to me anymore...

Since I came anyway, might as well listen in. On coming to a conclusion, I turned my attention back to the Oracle.

“... As my god declares: ‘For the world in the coming year, great misfortune awaits.’” The elven maiden loosens her grip on her ears, “‘The dead shall come, and a revolution will come.’ That concludes the Oracle.”

“Engrave the Oracle into your hearts. I will now excuse myself.”

The maiden turned around and stepped into the holy water, step by step, making the water splash about, until at last she was fully submerged and disappeared into the pool of holy water.

Chapter 6: I am a member of nobility and I will proudly carry out my duty

TL: Plot chapter, also cliffhanger. But not to worry, the number one question you will have after reading this chapter will not be answered conclusively until the last quarter of the next volume. Also hope I haven't gone too far with my notes... this series is very unlikely to be yaoi, Will is a bro character.

"Finally."

As soon as the emissary left, someone uttered these words, as though he had been holding it in all this while. These words broke the solemn atmosphere in the plaza, and drew everyone's attention. "I was afraid of the emissary and didn't dare to make a move but she's finally gone."

"Stetmann," William asked with bewilderment at the subordinate who had stood up all of a sudden, "What the hell are you doing?"

Stetmann laughed inexplicably on hearing William's words.

"Haha! Your Highness the Prince, have you not detected it yet?"

"Detected what?"

"Kuku, everyone knows that Txarango Kingdom's First Prince is a genius at combat, but who knew he didn't understand his own subordinates at all, otherwise..."

Stetmann held up his necklace and the star within the pentacle started twirling. A magic formation formed beneath his feet and swept through his body before disintegrating at the top of his head.

Stetmann changed his looks in an instant; his face became white and handsome, his ears became pointy and long green hair swept down.

"You wouldn't have thought that I was your beloved subordinate for this long."

"An elf? You aren't Stetmann? Where is he?! Where is my subordinate?"

"Are you talking about that fellow you sent after us? Because a mimicry spell like this needs the original body so... Well, you get the drill, we minced him into bits, mixed them together with som reagents to make the materials for the spell which I then used to take his form."

"... Impossible, I have never heard of a spell like mimicry, you must have used some sort of illusion."

"Hmph," The elven youth scoffed with contempt, "The number of spells you know not of are more than you can imagine, like this one."

The elven youth's eyes turned red, but there was no sign of any offensive spells. Just as William was in doubt, the subordinate nearest to him drew his lonsword and stabbed towards him. William reacted instantly and dodged to the side, before pulling out his own sword and facing his subordinate.

"Nick! Have you gone mad!"

"Wowee! To have dodged even that, as expected of His Highness the Prince." The elven youth whistled as he gave a round of applause.

"Answer me Nick! Do you know what you are doing!" William roared furiously at Nick but Nick ignored him, merely maintaining his stance that allowed him to launch an attack anytime motionlessly.

"I don't think he knows, Your Highness," the elven youth said, upon which Nick began to move again with stiff and unnatural movements and an vacant look in his eyes, "He's my puppet now."

Nick charged at William as he thrust his sword, forcing William to dodge to the side but before Nick could follow up, William gripped his sword tightly and knocked Nick out with a blow to his neck.

"... You're saying, you can control people."

"That's right, you guessed it in an instant. This magic is too hard though, even with the noble blood of elves coursing through my veins, I can only control 1 person."

"But," the elf said as he took a tiny glass bottle no bigger than a fingertip, and held it towards the evening sky as he spied it closely, "Everything changes with

this bottle of black liquid."

He opened the bottle and drank its contents in 1 gulp.

Upon imbibing the black liquid, he began coughing uncontrollably and vomited a big pool of blood before reaching out and tightening his grasp around his throat, letting out howls of pain. His eyes turned blood red, and veins all over his face and temple bulged, looking hideously evil.

William's face darkened as he saw what happened with the elven youth.

"What did you drink, poison?"

The elven youth was rolling on the floor.

"*Keh! Tearing... *Keh Keho*... Erosion... But... Ke Keho! Ke ke keho keho!* But, I, I... *Keh keho!*"

(TL: Cough sounds)

And then it stopped, the elven youth stood up unsteadily with his left arm swollen and misshapen and frightening black spikes protruding from his back.

"...But, I feel endless power."

As the elven youth raised both hands like a sovereign, a magic formation rapidly expanded beneath his feet until it enveloped the entire plaza, and the people who were watching on stood up gradually with unnatural movements, their eyes vacant.

The elven youth gave a twisted laugh that sent chills down everyone's spines.

"I now have an army. Your Highness William, let's see if your life is as hardy as they say."

(TL: Fans of Marvel's Loki can superimpose his image onto Cruise, his behaviour and mannerisms are exactly like Loki)

"Your Highness! Are you being controlled!"

"No, I'm good."

"To, to think that there are spells that can mimic the form of others and control others... This is simply preposterous!"

“Even after that elf turned into a walking horrow show, he still can’t control everyone in the plaza. Could it be that he is unable to control those with stronger magic capabilities?”

“That damned elf, to think that he would dare lead such a brazen attack in the most sacred of places in this Oracle Plaza!”

“No... For him, this is quite possibly the best place to do such a thing.”

“Eh? Is, is that so? Speaking of which, Your Highness, Prince William is still surrounded, shouldn’t we go and save him? Our nation has been allies with Txarango for many years now...”

“Idiot, why do we have to help? That elf is only after William, why should we draw attention to ourselves. Besides, William is the most likely successor of Txarango. When the time comes for him to ascend the throne, it won’t be a surprise if Txarango’s territory doubles. Why do we have to help a potential threat?”

“Eh...”

“That said, we can’t be accomplice to any act against Txarango. We will just do the same as all the other delegations... Just sit and watch and do nothing.”

(TL: With just a short passage, author shows the complexity of international relations in the world, more will come in future chapters)

“That person’s blood is terrible, so is that one, his seems not bad... Ahh~ I want blood, master! Why won’t you let me drink!”

“Noisy!”

I swung Shuoxue and used the back edge to knock the charging guy out.

“Blondie said that all those here are important officials and even members of royalty from various nations, if anyone is killed, there will definitely be war on our hands!”

If the delegates from small nations were killed, Txarango would even gladly declare war first but if delegates from several big nations were killed, then an international coalition army might come to wipe Txarango off the map.

"Those bastards standing far off that clearly have their minds, don't think I didn't see you all! It's one thing not to help to defeat that unarmed green haired elf, but to think you all are munching on snacks and chatting away! What is this, a play!"

Just as I had knocked one man out, the person who I knocked out just before got up and charged right at me.

"Is there no end to this!"

Just like chewing gun that couldn't be shaken off, no matter how many times you stepped on the ground, it got stuck back to your sole every time.

"Master, be careful of your right."

"What the fuck!"

The blade slashed down at my shoulder but good thing I dodged quickly and only lost a bit of skin.

"OWWWWWWWWWWWWWWW!"

"It's okay master, I'll heal it up for you."

A warm pulse entered my arm from the hilt and gathered at the wound, regenerating the wounded areas in no time at all.

This was my 7th wound already, the most serious one was when my calf tendon was sliced. It hurt so much I fell to the ground and cursed in my mother tongue, Mandarin. Hopefully my pathetic state was not seen by Tina. The green haired elf was ultimately after William so me, the headmaster, Tina and the rest of Txarango's delegation who weren't controlled stood in a protective formation about William. Tina, who only knew hot to use magic, stood in the center with William. As for me, as I only knew close quarters combat, I was at the edge of the formation.

Even if my little finger was cut off, it grew back out almost instantly. Eh, even this much is possible? But it still hurts like hell!

"Why do I have to deal with this!"

After coming to another world for so long, all I'd been doing was eat, drink and make merry. In an instant, I was right smack in the middle of a battlefield with

flesh and blood flying about, this is too much of a genre shift! Reverse this sudden plot shift! The story doesn't flow at all! And no matter what, I was just an ordinary Chinese high schooler before I transferred, we Chinese love peace yo!

"Fucking hell, you dare to slash at my crotch! That's way out of line! Even if it can grow back, I won't forgive you!"

"No-no master~ I can't do anything if important places and organs are damaged. If master's little trunk goes poof, I can't lick it back."

"You think I will tsukkomi to your "little trunk" and "lick" comments? I'll tell you now that I'm not an automatic tsukkomi machine that can dish out tsukkomis just like that in such a tight situation!"

"Do your best master and don't die, or I'll have to hibernate again."

"I know! I won't die! Until I have ascended to peak of happiness by marrying Tina, I won't die!"

(TL: For a diehard otaku, he really doesn't know how to avoid death flags)

"Oh oh, what an admirable aspiration! Speaking of which, master, didn't I tell you not to fall in love with anyone. If you must fall in love with someone, fall in love with me, instead of that expressionless, speechless and feelingless young mistress. Where am I lacking in comparison with her? Where am I lacking?"

"You are not lacking in any way with her! Don't worry, I won't die, someone like me who fears death so much will normally survive until the end of the story."

(TL: Can probably make a game of taking shots whenever he raises a death flag in action scenes)

"Be careful of your left, master."

I returned a slash to the enemy that came at me and knocked him flying.

"Close!"

"Master, it has nothing to do with whether you are afraid of death or not. Did you know? All my masters have died at the hands of their loved ones."

"Isn't just the Sword Saint?"

"Yes, the first master has proven it. This is something like a curse, or perhaps a

price to pay in exchange for power? I'm not an ordinary sword, believe me master."

"Of course I know you're not an ordinary sword. Where do you find swords that turn into a loli at night and snatch your blanket away? The curse is just a coincidence, don't worry, don't believe in unscientific things. My Ma always told me that fate is in one's own hands, it won't happen like what you said."

"That would be for the best." Said Shuoxue who went silent for a moment before continuing, "But that's not a problem anymore!"

"What happened?"

"Because, the expressionless, speechless and feelingless young mistress you like, seems to have died just now." Shuoxue said blandly.

I turned my head frantically.

William was using his sword to block the attacks of 3 people whilst staring wide-eyed behind him. Tina, who had her arms wide open, was pale as a sheet as the colour seemed to drain from a gaping hole in Tina's chest from which an empty-eyed assailant pulled his sword out of.

Time seemed to stop as I stared at the scene before me, and it seemed like an eternity before I could react.

After taking care of the subordinate who came right for him, William quickly assessed the situation before him.

"All those who aren't being controlled, give me a reply!"

"Jiang jiang~"

The headmaster made a cute sound as he raised his hand, as though he did not recognise the seriousness of the situation. Molan and Tina also raised their hands, as did several members of the guard.

"13 men. And our enemies number more than a thousand. The elf's goal is me, so get into a formation with me as the center! Swordsmen out at front and mages inside!" William yelled, "Remember this! Not a single enemy is to be killed! They are all important people from various nations, if you kill them, war and ruin will come to Txarango! I repeat! Do not kill a single person! Just knock

them out!"

Everyone quickly followed his orders and got into formation. As Tina was the only one who knew magic and had no close quarters combat capability, William pulled her to his side.

"Sorry, for putting you in danger."

Tina raised her head and looked at William.

"... What are you talking about, Your Highness." She replied nonchalantly as she drew her wand, "Protecting you is the duty of the House of Faburando."

William laughed bitterly. Since 3 years ago, he had been used to Tina's distant mannerisms to him. This was, after all, all his fault.

"I feel safe with you all around."

A magic circle expanded from the formation and pillars of stone emerged from the ground haphazardly, forming a complex labyrinth, trapping the enemies within. This was one of William's prize spells. In situations such as this when one is surrounded, erecting walls or creating high ground can greatly hinder the attacks of the enemy. But this can also restrict one's own movements and with the sheer imbalance of numbers, it would only be a matter of time before they were overwhelmed by brute force. A maze, however, was a good tactic as it separated the enemy and forced them to waste time as they figure out the correct pathway while his subordinates would lie in wait at critical points and ambush those who came.

As expected of the most brilliant Prince of Txarango, even in the face of peril, William found the best tactic quickly.

However, the situation quickly deteriorated.

"Sire! They get up quickly after being knocked out!"

"Same here!"

"Your orders sire! The encirclement is tightening!"

"Stay calm!" William berated his panicking subordinates, "Just keep knocking them out! Don't break formation! Keep stalling for time! I have a plan."

In actual fact, he had no plan, but had no choice but to lie to maintain troop morale. Though he was calm on the outside, he had long lost his cool inside.

How could they awaken so quickly! Could control magic be able to forcefully awaken people?!

It could only be this.

Just then, 4 people broke through the protective circle and charged at William. William grabbed Tina with one arm and knocked them out before knocking them out of the formation with a stone block.

What should he do, what can he do!? He cannot kill them, knocking them out doesn't work, they number more than a thousand and are eventually dismantling the labyrinth. If only he could kill the green haired elf standing outside, the control spell would probably be dispelled. But he didn't dare to fire off a spell at the elf. Every time someone tried to attack the elf, someone would run into the attack pathway and block it.

William was out of options, and as he saw the dwindling formation, he realised that he was going to die here, today. But he had done his best in protecting Txarango, by not endangering national interests and maintaining the pride of the Txarango royal family. He only hoped that the elf would not do anything to his subordinates after his death. He had already lost a brilliant subordinate in Stetmann due to his foolishness...

Feelings of bitterness filled his heart. The path he had walked was by no means easy. He had to eat dirt to survive on the battlefield and resorted to the dirtiest of tricks in order to win, and he had to give up a great many things and people, such as Tina behind him... Everything was for the sake of realising the cherished dream and ambition that lay in his heart of hearts since he was a child. Was all his effort going to go to waste? He had not even found that person yet! The mastermind behind the cloaked man and the elven youth!

"Your Highness."

Tina's voice was shaky, but her determination and will shone through those words.

"Don't worry about me, please protect yourself. I am a member of nobility and

I will proudly carry out my duty.”

She let loose a chain of balls of light which exploded on the ground and halted the advance of the enemies. Though she was so petite and frail, at this moment, she was braver and stronger than anyone else.

William was captivated by the beauty she exuded.

“Tina... You’ve changed.”

“Eh...” Tina went silent for a moment, before continuing, “I am, no longer the child Your Highness first met.”

“Haha... Yes, you really showed me up.” William laughed as he let go of Tina, “Miss Faburando, can I leave my back to you?”

“It is an honour, Your Highness.”

Thanks to Tina, William had a newfound confidence. Though the situation was getting worse by the minute, he felt uplifted. Though death may greet him today, it has yet to come! Who knows! Maybe that elf will collapse before we are defeated! He was using the power of 1 to command 1,000 after all, let’s see how long he can last!

William had no reason to be optimistic. He did not know that what the elven youth drank was a vial of precious serum extracted from an ancient demonic beast of a most evil and mysterious race, one that even the book of legends had almost no mention at all.

He should also have never let go of Tina. Though she could wield powerful magic, she had no physical capabilities and asking Tina to protect his back was the same as getting Annie to block Garen’s attacks (TL: League reference)... He should have known this, which is why he pulled her close at the start to prevent her from being injured. But when Tina said she would protect him and not to worry with a resolute expression, those beautiful and distant eyes made him forget this fact.

Love really does make people stupid.

As more enemies broke through the protective circle, 3 came right for William. He was unable to dodge in time and used his sword to stop their attacks, both

sides at an impasse.

“Sire! Behind!”

His subordinates screamed. William couldn’t dodge, his time was up. Suddenly cerulean hair blocked his vision as Tina blocked the attack with her body.

His mind went blank. In his daze, he heard the distant howl of the young man which sounded like a beast in despair.

Chapter 7: ... He is... The one I love

TL: Feels chapter? Feels chapter. Also best chapter of the volume, in my opinion. It's the last chapter of volume 1 and raises more questions than answers. Every outstanding question from the first volume will be answered in the second volume – Though more questions arise there, but that's the business model of fiction novels after all so it can't be helped.

What does transferring to another world mean to me?

A fantasy like world? A rose-tinted life with breathtaking scenes? Wicked cool sword skills and magic spells? Fascinating and unique cultures? Noble and unforgettably beautiful elves?

So much more interesting, no!? Instead of having to deal with mountains of school work, studying through the night, setting the clock for early mornings, squeezing onto public transport that is bursting at its seams, and worrying about your falling grades; you can live freely and happily!

But, you lose your home.

You can no longer see your naggy mother who is probably in the midst of menopause, nor can you see your father who brags like a king in front of you only to become softer than scrambled eggs in front of his wife. You will never eat your favourite sweet and sour pork ribs, nor will you drink the hot soup that would await your return from tuition. As you remember how your father seems more and more winded as he climbs the stairs and how your mother sighs more and more as she looks into the mirror, you are reminded of how old they are already and how you never got a chance to tell them that you really love them... But you will never have another chance.

There is no place in this world to call your own, no one to protect you from the blistering cold winter winds, you are just a stray dog on a street in a winter night, and you are quickly losing consciousness.

At this moment, a carriage door opens, and Tina emerges, as though she walked out of a fairy tale. She pulls you into the warm carriage, gives you her

name and brings you into her mansion. You finally have a place to stay, like a stray dog who has found its master.

How could you not fall in love with her? She is the girl who gave you all you needed to live and more! For the sake of taking you in, she broke off communications with her noble parents and moved out of the mansion. For the sake of providing you with enough, she tightened her purse strings and stopped eating the expensive delicious sweets she loved most. She brought you to school, brought you out of school, all over Txarango; and she even clumsily cooked for you the most delicious noodles in the world. How could you not love her?

But now, she is dying.

Tina fell over backwards, like a wilting flower, she is bleeding so much, her skin has turned pale and gaunt.

And you, are just standing far away in a daze.

What was that? I can't kill. Why not? Because they are important people. What happens if I do kill? World war. What happens if there's war? Destruction of Txarango. And what does this have to do with me? Tina isn't around.

"Shuoxue."

Gripping the blade strongly, I cut my finger on the chip. It seems like I cut it to the bone but I no longer feel pain. Blood covers the entire blade and the hilt is cold to the bone.

"One thousand people, is that enough to fill your stomach."

How long would the wind take to blow across the plaza? Probably 15 seconds maximum.

Molan took 30 seconds to cover the entire plaza end to end, because cutting up bodies invariably takes more time. 30 seconds after he made his move, Molan arrived before the green haired elven youth Cruise. Though he was covered in blood, the sword was sinistly clean. The army Cruise had been controlling up till now was completely decimated, their corpses strewn all over the plaza. Most had only one wound, but all were fatal, with ice shards forming on the wounds. All the corpses were stone cold and frozen stiff, as if they were brought out of

the Antarctica recently.

Dip had mentioned that the boy was very strong, their experimental subject had been destroyed by the boy after all, which is why Cruise chose to act during the Oracle. All those under his control were important officials and rulers of various countries, and Molan and the rest should have had their hands tied and unable to act from fear of international conflict. Never did he expect that Molan would disregard everything when the blue haired girl died.

Cruise knew he wasn't Molan's match, perhaps he might have stood a chance long ago, but now all he could cast was the control magic. Everyone in the Pentacle was similar in this sense; for the sake of attaining a powerful spell from ancient demonic beasts, they had to give up all powers and ties they had. Cruise was now powerful beyond imagination, but could only cast control magic. He had been trying for a while now to control Molan but failed every time, even though the boy clearly had zero mana! Every time he expanded a magic circle under Molan's feet, the sword would consume it.

What the heck is that weapon!?

The sword's cold light reflected in Cruise's eyes. He had seen it clearly, in combat, Molan would stab the sword in his enemies and the blade would drink the blood of his enemies. On pulling it out, the sword was clean, without a single speck of blood on it.

What sort of horrific sword is that!? It went against all logic and made you tremble from the bottom of your heart... But yet, the desire to know about it surged forth! This feeling, was exactly what the demonic beasts they were researching about gave them!

"You, what sword is that?"

Molan didn't answer, only raising the sword slowly. Cruise felt anger and bitter at the fact that he was about to die and his blood would be sucked dry by that horrible sword. Why! He was now in possession of such a far-reaching power, if I could only cast a single spell... I can destroy you utterly!

But he could not, and all he could do was lament his frustrations and greet death.

Just then, a golden shadow flashed in between them and blocked Molan's sword. Cruise could smell the soothing scent of flowers which made his heart aflutter despite being in an utterly dire situation.

"Emissary...?"

It was the elven maiden who delivered the oracle.

Hadn't she left? Why come back now? And... Why stop the boy from killing the one who made such a mess at the plaza? A mountain of questions piled up in Cruise's mind.

Molan's expression wavered for a single moment before returning to that of an ice cold murderous one.

"Fuck off." He swore crudely at the world's most beautiful and sacred girl.

The girl then said words that made Cruise even more shocked.

"You cannot kill him."

"What, is he your lover? Both of you are elves after all eh."

"... You cannot kill him."

"Fuck off. If you don't." Molan tightens the grip on the hilt, "I will kill you as well."

Facing the bloodthirsty and murderous Molan, the emissary only repeated what she said before.

"I cannot let you kill him."

The sword came down. He actually did it! But he did not cut the emissary as the blade stopped just before her forehead.

"You cannot cut me."

It wasn't Molan who stopped, rather it was the girl who stopped him with a spell she cast that made a high speed wind envelop her, forming a sturdy barrier that extended to Cruise.

"I will also not allow you to cut him."

Cruise understood, the emissary had emerged from the holy water which was used as a medium to transfer herself and not a single drop clung to her due to

this spell.

“...Damn you.”

Molan pulled back the sword and swung down again with all his might, so hard that the veins on his arms bulged but could not cut deeper than before. He withdrew the sword and slashed down again, and again, repeating it endlessly.

“Damn it damn it!!”

The difference in power was clear and no matter how much Molan swore, no matter how hard he tried, he could not touch the emissary. His breath ran ragged, and his rage showed in his attacks on the emissary, which looked like a raging tornado that threatened to engulf her. But no matter what, he could not break through the robust wall of wind.

“Damn it damn it!!!!”

He cried, yelled, swore, and even used his bare hands, but no longer was he horrifying. Just a while ago he was undetectable god of death that took a thousand lives in an instant. But now, he was just a child throwing a tantrum.

“Damn it... Why... Why am I so weak...”

At long last, he fell to the ground, and lost his grip on the sword. Tears streamed down his face as he grabbed his head in torment.

“I’ve lost my father... My mother... And now I’ve even lost Tina... I can’t even avenge her... I... I...”

“... Don’t cry.”

The emissary said gently.

“Everything will be better. I’ll help you. Have a good rest, okay.”

As she reached out and rubbed Molan’s head gently, soft dots of light emerged from her fingers. Molan’s crying eventually got softer until he fell fast asleep.

As Cruise saw this, “Thanks...” He thought he ought to thank the emissary.

“No need for thanks, I’ll feel disgusted.”

The emissary’s voice turned ice cold and when she turned to face Cruise, there was clear hostility in the jade green eyes.

“A fallen creature like yourself, is the shame of the elven race.”

“Eh... Didn’t you save me?”

“I just didn’t want Molan to kill you.”

“By Molan, you mean this boy? Do you know him?”

The emissary did not reply.

“For the sake of using wide-ranging control magic, you imbibed serum extracted from ancient demonic beast specimens. While it did strengthen your magic capabilities, it’s not just an enhancer.”

“How did you know!?” Cruise shouted, “How did you know that what I drank was demonic beast serum...” He did not ask further because he recalled that the breathtakingly beautiful girl before him was the emissary of the god of fate, who was omniscient.

“You went from barely being able to control a single person to easily controlling a thousand. Did you think that your mana increased by a thousandfold, the emissary continued, as if she was reading out his fate, “In reality, your mana only increased by several fold. And the reason why it seemed like you were controlling thousands of people is because—”

Suddenly a black arm flew straight for the emissary, only to be blocked by the wall of wind.

Cruise looked down at the black arm which emerged from his swollen left arm and screamed hysterically.

“AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH What is this!!!???”

The black arm flopped down limply, and remained motionless.

“It is because, you weren’t controlling them alone.”

Cruise’s breath was ragged and rough, his head was growing faint, and endless

perspiration seeped out of his body, he desperately clung to what reason he had left and continued to question the emissary.

"Haah-Haah-Haah—You, you said there are... 2 beings inside me!?"

"And they can already move on their own will against the host's, the time when they completely possess you is not far off."

Just as the emissary's voice stopped, Cruise felt reverberations inside him as his flesh seemed to swell against his skin all over and his body felt like it was being torn apart from within... Almost as if there were beings inside him trying to tear off his organs and install them on themselves!

"*Keho Sa, save me!*"

"Please don't mistake my intentions," Cruise crawled and flopped about the floor, vomitting out blood, as the emissary looked on as if she were looking at a dying insect, "I came to stop Molan from being contaminated by your blood and taken over by the beings inside you. And also, to clean up the mess that is you, along with the demonic beasts inside you before they fully awaken."

And so the emissary of the god of fate declared the death that was to come.

The wall of wind that had enveloped Cruise was now closing in slowly. It was a sturdy barrier, and no sword could pierce it no matter how sharp it was. But it was also a terrifying weapon, and Cruise could not even scream before he was crushed into a tiny black ball of flesh no larger than a flesh, without a single drop of blood leaking out.

The emissary continued casting, and a gust of wind brought the black ball to the altar and dropped it into the pool of holy water. The black ball did not sink into the water, but rather it burned as it rolled violently across the surface. If Molan was still conscious, he would have said that this was like that time during a chemistry lab session where the teacher threw a piece of white phosphorus on the water. The black ball was eventually engulfed in flames from the holy water and disintegrated, leaving steam on the surface.

Tina suddenly seemed to stir from his arms, and William stared in bewilderment, hopeful for a second that Tina had revived only to find out that it was the effect of the emissary's magic.

"You humans are unable to heal her so I'll be taking her with me." The emissary declared blandly.

"Can, can she be saved?"

"Who knows, I have not dreamt of her fate beyond this day."

"Please do whatever you can."

William got down on his knees and brought his head crashing down into the stone floor. The emissary gave him a glance.

"I will."

"Tess~" The headmaster had got up close with the emissary and called out like he was addressing a close friend, "Why aren't you wearing the veil?"

(TL: I had to choose between Daisy and Tess... And though Tess was no name for an elf, Daisy was too lame)

"Ah?" The emissary touched her face, "I forgot it in my rush to get here."

"Did Tess foresee the things that happened today?"

"Un, I saw it in my dreams last week."

"Are you saying..." William said in a low voice, "That you had foreseen today's attack but had not stopped it?"

"Are you reprimanding me."

"I wouldn't dare..." William's hands left deep clawing marks and his body was shaking even as his head was lowered to the ground, "But, because of today's attack, I have lost important subordinates... And friends, and because of Molan's brash actions, my nation is in an unprecedented crisis... This could have all been prevented."

"No, William Txarango Brusti, fate cannot be prevented. I did not see a dream of what happened today only once. I took different actions each time but no matter what I did, whether I acted or not, the attack would always happen, Tina Faburando would die, Molan would kill many and the fallen elf Cruise would be destroyed. The only thing I can do, is to destroy Cruise for Molan, and nothing else."

On hearing what the emissary said, William felt the weight of fate as though there was a mountain pressing down on him.

“Fate is this sort of thing. You can change its path, but you cannot change its destination.” Tess laughed all of a sudden, “But you needn’t worry, your nation will not be embroiled in crisis.”

Looking at Tess’s smile up close cleared the dark clouds in William’s heart and moved him so deeply that his heart started pounding. He steeled himself the best he could and avoided looking at her, wishing all this while that he could turn his heart into stone.

“What, what do you mean?”

“Never fear Willy~ I expelled Molan before we set off!” The headmaster pulled out a stack of papers in his pocket and unfolded them, “Dang dang dang~ Lookie lookie!”

“Eh, this, ‘Expulsion from School’?”

Tess nodded, “Molan has no citizenship, after being adopted by the Faburando household, he has never been registered. The name of ‘Molan Faburando’ only appears in the St Txarango student registry and Kester expelled him 2 days ago so today, the mass murderer of royalty and important people is not a Txarango citizen.”

“He has nothing anymore.” Tess said as she picked up Shuoxue and put her into the sheath, while carrying the sleeping Molan in a princess carry, “I will take care of him, you needn’t worry.”

The elves were always a special existence which never had relations with humans, and the emissary of the god of fate was even more extraordinary. To think that such a girl would say that she would keep Molan...

“Pardon me, emissary,” William asked, as Tess was about to descend into the pool of holy water, “How do you know Molan?”

Tess hesitated, and her cheeks reddened.

“... He is... The one I love.”